



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!



NO 5 JUNE-JULY

OPERATION:

PERIL

10¢

Starring
DANNY DANGER
TYPHOON TYLER
TIME TRAVELERS



Updegraff



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

ACT NOW MAIL COUPON!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



WE ARE RELIABLE!

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



56th Year



OUR 56th YEAR

Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men!



Lovable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!

BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs, Bats (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).



YOUR BIG CHANCE!

NO MONEY NOW

LOOK!

START TODAY!

Footballs, Basketballs (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



Ukuleles, Jewelry, Watches (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

WE ARE RELIABLE

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"



I'M TIRED OF PLAYING PIRATES! WE NEVER FIND ANY TREASURE ANYWAY-



ME TOO!

HI, KIDS! LOOKIT TH' SWELL NEW WATCH I EARNED, SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!



-AN' I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE NOW! SAY, BETTY, THAT BEATS DIGGING FOR PIRATE TREASURE! LET'S SEND IN THOSE COUPONS!



A FEW DAYS LATER JIM AND BETTY ARE BUSY SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE

GOLLY! THIS SALVE SURE SELLS FAST! NOW LETS CALL ON MRS. BROWN-



IT'S FUN!

--AND WITH EACH PURCHASE OF WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, YOU GET A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!



GEE! SHE BOUGHT 2 BOXES! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DOLL IN NO TIME, BETTY-

-AND YOU'LL SOON HAVE YOUR FOOTBALL, JIM-



YES, KIDS, IT'S EASY TO EARN THESE PREMIUMS! TO START, JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON--



DANNY DANGER

"IT ALL STARTED WITH AN EYE-CATCHING PICTURE IN SPORTS WEEKLY!"

YESSIR, EMMY... THE OLD DANNY DANGER TOUCH GETS RESULTS

EVEN BY MAIL! I'VE SENT THIS CHICK A FEW FAN LETTERS... AND NOW I'M ALL LINED UP TO MEET HER TRAIN WHEN SHE ARRIVES IN TOWN TOMORROW FROM LOS ANGELES!

JEAN HASTINGS... SHE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A KEFTY DISH, DANNY... WHAT'S HER RACKET?

SWIMMING... GOLF... WHO CARES? JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET ME A BIG RED CARNATION IN THE MORNING... BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THIS KING-SIZED CUTIE IS GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR!



"AS I LEARNED LATER... THINGS WERE SHAPING UP FAST EVEN THEN!"

HEY... YOU SEE THIS ITEM ON THE SPORTS PAGE? THAT'S SOMETHING KNUCKLES BETTER KNOW ABOUT!

YEAH! IT'S A TOUCHY SUBJECT... THE VERY DAY THE BOSS PICKED TO SLAP DOWN STEVE DOLAN!



"ASK ANYONE AROUND TIMES SQUARE ABOUT DANNY DANGER, AND THEY'LL TELL YOU I'M USUALLY INVOLVED WITH EITHER GIRLS OR GUNMEN... AND THAT COMBINATION MEANS DYNAMITE IN ANYBODY'S LANGUAGE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE TO REALIZE THERE'S USUALLY A GIRL AND A QUICK-TRIGGERED HOOD AT THE BOTTOM OF EVERY CRIME... BUT IT TAKES SOMEONE LIKE ME TO RUN INTO THE TYPES YOU'RE GOING TO READ ABOUT... MIXED UP IN A CASE THAT RANGED EVERYWHERE BETWEEN HORSELAUGHS AND HOMICIDE!"

"THE **MASKED MAULER**, LIVELY WEST COAST WRESTLER WHO HAS **NEVER LOST** A MATCH, IS ARRIVING IN NEW YORK TOMORROW ON THE SUNSHINE LIMITED---READY TO MEET ALL COMERS!"



LOOKS PRETTY BAD FOR US, KNUCKLES!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! IT'S TAKEN ME SIX YEARS TO SEW UP WRESTLING AND GAMBLING IN THIS TOWN---SO WE COULD FAKE EACH MATCH ACCORDING TO THE WAY THE BETS ARE GOING, AND CLEAN UP! BUT BRING IN AN OUTSIDER WHO'S **NEVER LOST**---AND **WE'LL LOSE OUR SHIRTS!**

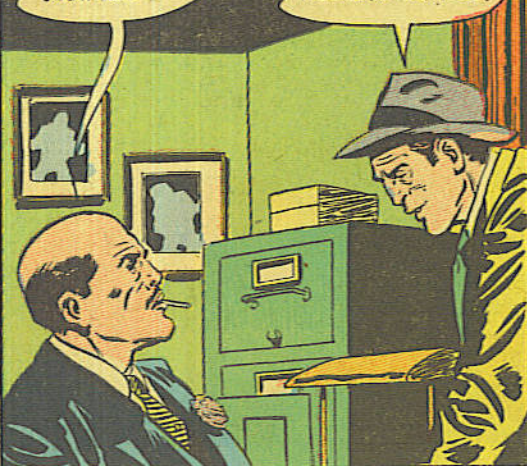


I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, BOSS! THIS HERE MASKED MAULER HAS NEVER WRESTLED IN NEW YORK---RIGHT? AND SINCE HE WEARS A MASK ANYWAY---**WHO'D RECOGNIZE HIM?**

YEAH---WHY NOT PUT THE SNATCH ON HIM, AND SUBSTITUTE ONE OF OUR **OWN STUMBLEBUMS**---WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO THROW THE MATCH? THE MASKED MAULERS GOT ENOUGH OF A BUILD-UP TO BE A HEAVY FAVORITE---I'D GET UP TO FOUR TO ONE ON MY MONEY---AND BREAK EVERY BOOKIE IN TOWN!



OH---**YOU'RE HERE!** WELL---DID YOU GIVE STEVE DOLAN THE BUSINESS?



BUT BEAUTIFUL! HE'LL BE IN THE HOSPITAL FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS, KNUCKLES!

THAT'LL TEACH THESE SMALL-TIME PROMOTERS THEY CAN'T ARRANGE MATCHES IN THIS BURG WITHOUT **MY SAY-SO!** JUST TO SHOW DOLAN I'M STILL WILLING TO TALK TURKEY, DROP AROUND AT THE FLORIST'S TOMORROW AND SEND HIM A FANCY BOUQUET---AND **THEN** I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT NEEDS HANDLING AT THE RAILROAD TERMINAL!



"**WHEN I LOOK BACK ON THE CASE---I REALIZE THIS IS HOW THE MIX-UP BEGAN!**"

LET'S SEE, NOW---YOU WANT THIS SENT TO STEVE DOLAN---MID-TOWN HOSPITAL!



RIGHT! AND PUT A CARD ON IT---READING "**NO HARD FEELINGS---KNUCKLES SWEENEY!**" HMM---GUESS I'LL HELP MYSELF TO A RED CARNATION!

I KINDA FELT IT WAS A COMEDOWN---BEATIN' UP AN UNKNOWN LIKE STEVE DOLAN! WHO'S HE MANAGE, RED?



JUST A STRING OF SECOND-FIDDLE PALOOKAS! AND COME TO THINK OF IT---I NEVER HEARD OF THIS MASKED MAULER WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GRAB AT GRAND CENTRAL, EITHER!



"WHILE ALL THIS WAS HAPPENING... I WAS GETTING READY FOR MY OWN DATE AT GRAND CENTRAL!"

THIS LETTER JUST CAME SPECIAL DELIVERY, DANNY! SOMEONE'S GOT AN URGENT YEN TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT STEVE DOLAN ASSAULT CASE!

NO DICE... I'M MEETING JEAN HASTINGS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES! INSPECTOR GRAVEL'S BEEN INVESTIGATING CROOKED SPORTS EVENTS FOR OVER A YEAR NOW... LET HIM HANDLE IT!



AND WHAT ABOUT HER, DANNY? SHE'S THE GIRL WHO SENT THE LETTER... AND HER PICTURE ALONG WITH IT!

YOU MEAN SHE WANTS TO SEE ME ABOUT STEVE DOLAN? OH, BROTHER... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY THIS WAS BUSINESS?



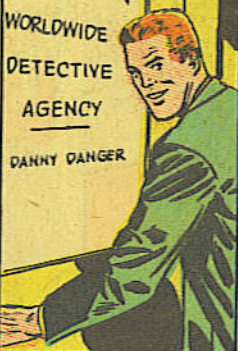
NORMA WAYNE... 650 HAMPTON ROAD! IT'S CLEAR ACROSS TOWN... BUT I'D CRAWL THERE OVER BROKEN BEER BOTTLES!

YOU SHOULD CRAWL, YOU LOW-LIFE! WHO'S GOING TO MEET JEAN AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION?



I'VE GOT FRIENDS, HAVEN'T I? PHONE GRAVEL AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS... AND TELL HIM TO KEEP JEAN INTERESTED UNTIL I SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

WORLDWIDE
DETECTIVE
AGENCY
DANNY DANGER



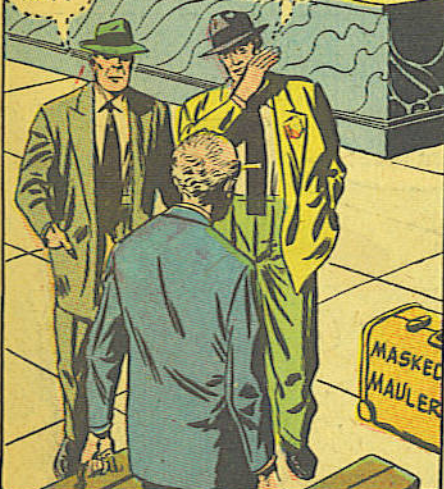
"SO YOU SEE... I MEANT TO BE ON HAND WHEN THE SUNSHINE LIMITED PULLED INTO THE STATION... AND I SHOULD HAVE BEEN... BUT I WASN'T!"

THERE'S THAT CHARACTER WITH THE RED CARNATION, JEAN... AND WHAT AN APE! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW HOW BLIND DATES TURN OUT!

DANNY DANGER MAY NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH... BUT HIS LETTERS PROVE HE'S A VERY INTERESTING TYPE! GET THE BAGS OUT, HANK... WHILE I POWDER MY NOSE AND TIP THE PORTER!



IS THAT HIM?
SURE... CAN'T YOU READ?



WE'VE GOT A CAR WAITING, CHAMP!

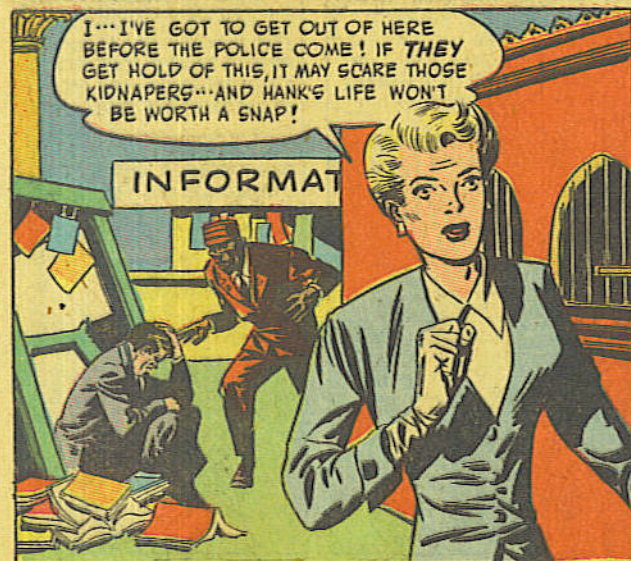
KEEP WALKING, SEE... OR WE'RE GONNA MESS UP THIS NICE MARBLE FLOOR!



"WHEN YOU REMEMBER THAT I'M THE ONE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET JEAN WITH A RED CARNATION... IT'S EASY TO SEE WHAT SHE THOUGHT!"

GOOD HEAVENS... HANK! DANNY DANGER AND THAT OTHER THUG ARE TAKING HIM OFF AT GUN POINT... THEY'RE KIDNAPERS!





"AS USUAL...MY PICKLE-PUSSIED SECRETARY TOOK THE RAP FOR MY MISTAKE!"

LOOK, EMMY...WHAT KIND OF BUM STEER DID YOU GIVE ME WITH THIS CRAZY HASTINGS DAME? AND WHERE'S THAT NO-GOOD DANGER?

I HAVEN'T THE DIMMEST IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, INSPECTOR! AS FOR DANNY...HE HAPPENS TO BE TIED UP WITH THE STEVE DOLAN CASE!

STEVE DOLAN, HUH? THE HEAD NURSE TOLD ME HE WAS IN NO SHAPE FOR QUESTIONING WHEN I DROPPED AROUND AT THE HOSPITAL THIS MORNING...BUT I'M GOING TO GUMSHOE BACK AND GET THE LOWDOWN ON THIS BUSINESS!

MEANWHILE, FAR FROM THE STORM AND STRIFE...I WAS GETTING MY OWN LOWDOWN!"

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, NORMA! YOU SAY YOU'RE AFRAID OF A BIG-TIME RACKETEER BECAUSE HE THREATENS TO TAKE OVER STEVE DOLAN'S STRING OF WRESTLERS...BUT JUST WHERE DO YOU FIGURE?

RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE, DANNY! YOU SEE...I HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF STEVE'S WRESTLERS!

HUH?

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? ALL RIGHT, HERE'S THE CONTRACT FOR MY NEXT MATCH...WHEN I MEET THE MASKED MAULER!

YOU KNOW...THERE WAS THE FUNNIEST MISPRINT ABOUT HER IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER! THEY CALLED HER A "LIVELY WEST COAST WRESTLER" INSTEAD OF LOVELY...BUT I GUESS YOU COULD USE BOTH WORDS TO DESCRIBE A GOOD SPORT LIKE JEAN HASTINGS!

JEAN HASTINGS! OH-H, NO...HONEY, DON'T SAY THAT!

WHY, DANNY...THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH WRESTLING! JEAN'S A SWEETHEART!

SURE...BUT THOSE RACKETEERS MAY BE AFTER HER, TOO! IT'S A GOOD THING SHE'S WITH INSPECTOR GRAVEL...BUT IT'S ABOUT TIME I TOOK HER OFF HIS HANDS! MEANWHILE, NORMA...YOU'D BETTER STICK AROUND STEVE DOLAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM UNTIL I CAN FIX IT WITH GRAVEL TO POST A GUARD!

I THOUGHT I HAD TROUBLES WHEN I HOT-FOOTED BACK TO MY OFFICE...LITTLE REALIZING WHAT HAD HAPPENED...OR WHAT WAS READY TO HAPPEN!"

JEAN'S GOTTA BE HERE...GRAVEL WOULDN'T TWO-TIME ME! BUT IF SHE ISN'T...HOWLL I FIND HER?

WORLDWIDE
DETECTIVE
AGENCY
DANNY DANIEL

JONES
& CO.



"BEING A PRIVATE EYE HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS...AND RIGHT THEN, I WAS DEFINITELY **DOWN!**"

BEFORE WE LEAVE, DANGER...WE WANT TO MAKE **SURE** YOU UNDERSTAND OUR POINT OF VIEW!

I'M OKAY, EMMY! CALM DOWN...AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET GRAVEL AT HEADQUARTERS!

I DON'T THINK THAT'S SUCH A HOT IDEA, DANNY! HE PHONED A HALF-HOUR AGO...SQUAWKING ABOUT THE PASTING AROUND **HE** GOT FROM THAT GIRL YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET AT GRAND CENTRAL!

SOMETHING WENT HAYWIRE! LOOK, EMMY...YOU'VE **GOTTA** SPEAK TO GRAVEL AND SQUARE THINGS FOR ME...BEFORE HE GETS THE IDEA I DID IT FOR LAUGHS! THAT'D BE BAD...BECAUSE IT BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A CASE WE'VE GOT TO WORK **TOGETHER** ON!

YOU'RE QUITE A CASE YOURSELF! YOU EXPECT TO GET TO FIRST BASE WITH JEAN HASTINGS LOOKING LIKE **THAT?**

THANK GOSH THERE'S NO CHANCE OF RUNNING INTO **HER** UNTIL YOU'VE SMOOTHED THINGS OVER WITH GRAVEL! THAT'LL GIVE ME AN HOUR OR SO TO FRESHEN UP ON A MASSAGE TABLE!

"**IMAGINE** HOPING I COULD SQUARE THINGS WITH GRAVEL...WHEN AT THAT VERY MOMENT..."

HOPE THE HEAD NURSE DOESN'T SPOT ME BEFORE I HAVE A WORD WITH STEVE DOLAN!

STEVE...I DIDN'T DO SO HOT THE FIRST TIME...BUT **NOW** I WANT TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

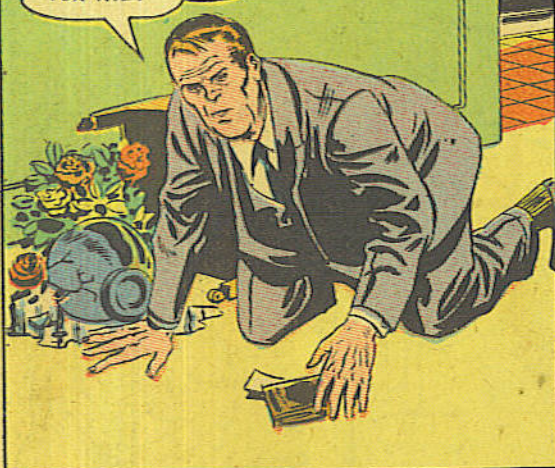
OH, GOOD HEAVENS...HE MUST BE A **THUG**, READY TO GIVE STEVE ANOTHER WORKING OVER! I WON'T LET HIM **DO IT!**

ONE OF **KNUCKLES SWEENEY'S** MOB, EH? YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE!

HEY!



WOOOIE... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY DRAG IN ANOTHER COT FOR ME!

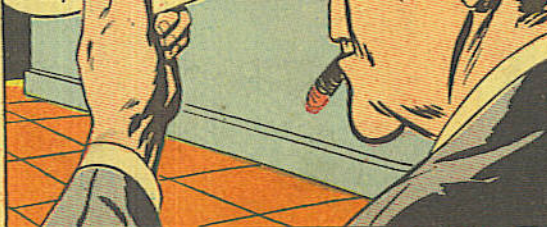


THAT'S THE **SECOND** BIG AND BALMY BABE I'VE TANGLED WITH TODAY! I GOT THE **FIRST** ONE SICKED ON ME BY DANNY DANGER... BUT WHO'S THIS?



THEN... THE INSPECTOR TOOK A GANDER AT THE CARD HE SNATCHED UP WHEN THE BOUQUET FELL!

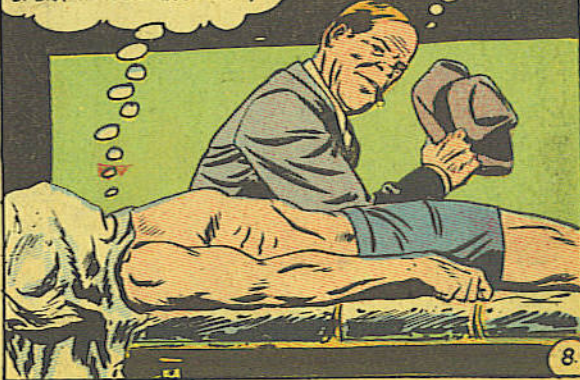
KNUCKLES SWEENEY! DANGER WOULDN'T BE CHUMP ENOUGH TO WORK WITH A SMOOTH OPERATOR LIKE HIM... A BIG SHOT WHO'S MANAGED TO SLIDE OUT OF SEVERAL MURDER RAPS! ON THE OTHER HAND, DANGER SEEMS TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE DOLAN CASE... SO IT WON'T HURT TO DO A LITTLE CHECKING AT SWEENEY'S NORTH SIDE GYM!

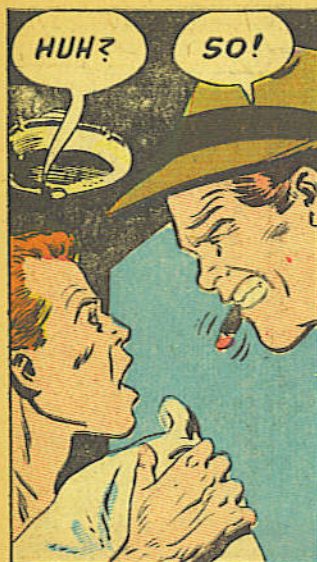


"MINUTES LATER, I WAS STRETCHED OUT ON A MASSAGE TABLE... BRUSHING ASIDE A HORRIBLE THOUGHT!"

FUNNY HOW THOSE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS PUT ME IN MIND OF GRAVEL... AS IF THAT BIG BABOON WOULD EVER EXERT HIMSELF IN A GYM!

I COULD ALMOST SWEAR THAT'S DANGER... BUT NO SUCH LUCK!





"A FEW MORE HAYMAKERS... AND THINGS STARTED TO MAKE SENSE!"

YOU MEAN KNUCKLES SWEENEY PUT YOU UP TO KIDNAPING JEANS TRAINER... THINKING HE WAS THE MARKED MAULER?

THAT'S IT!

AFTER HE LET ON SHE WAS A GIRL, KNUCKLES FIGURED YOU'D BEEN HIRED TO PROTECT HER... AFTER WE FOUND A LETTER IN HER SUITCASE, SAYING YOU'D MEET THE TRAIN! WE'VE GOT HER TRAINER UP AT KNUCKLES' CAMP AT WIGWAM LAKE!

YOU BEGINNING TO CATCH ON, GRAVEL? KNUCKLES SWEENEY IS THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS... AND IT STARTED WITH THE BEATING HIS BRUISERS HANDED OUT TO STEVE DOLAN!

DRAW THOSE PUNKS TO THE LOCKUP, FLANAGAN! DANGER AND I AM TAKING A TRIP TO WIGWAM LAKE... AND RUNNING IN KNUCKLES AND HIS ENTIRE STABLE OF CROOKED WRESTLERS!

"SO, AS USUAL, WHEN THERE'S A TOUGH JOB AHEAD... GRAVEL AND I TEAMED UP!"

HOW COME YOU ALWAYS DO THINGS THE HARD WAY, INSPECTOR? WHY'D YOU WAIT UNTIL NOW TO PUT THE PINCH ON KNUCKLES... WHEN IT MIGHT MEAN FIGHTING OUR WAY THROUGH SEVERAL THOUSAND POUNDS OF MAT-HARDENED MUSCLE?

BECAUSE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO BUILD UP A CASE AGAINST HIM... THAT'S WHY! THIS ASSAULT AND KIDNAPING RAP ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT I HOPED FOR... BUT IT'LL STICK!

"IT SEEMED LIKE A CLEAR-CUT SHOWDOWN... BUT I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT JEAN AND NORMA!"

YOU'VE CONVINCED ME THAT DANNY DANGER WASN'T ONE OF THE MEN WHO GRABBED HANK, NORMA... BUT WHO DID?

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO WORRY! LET'S STICK TOGETHER AND HOPE FOR THE BEST, JEAN... SOMETHING'S BOUND TO TURN UP!

WERE YOU CALLING THIS NUMBER, OPERATOR?

HOLD THE WIRE, PLEASE... THERE'S A LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM WIGWAM LAKE!

"AN HOUR LATER... AS GRAVEL AND I PROWLED TOWARD KNUCKLES' TRAINING CAMP..."

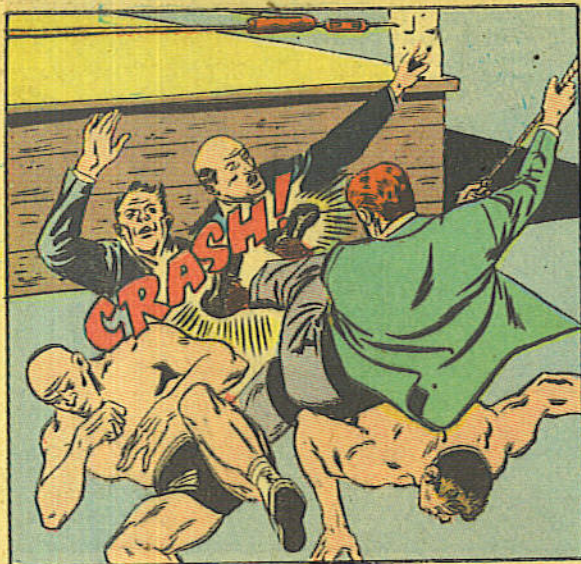
CLIMB OFF YOUR DREAMBOAT, SWEENEY! YOU KIDNAPED ME BY MISTAKE... BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO THE MISTAKE YOU'LL BE MAKING IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FORCE JEAN AND NORMA INTO A CROOKED MATCH!

THEY'VE GOT HIM IN THERE, INSPECTOR!

LISTEN, BUD... EITHER THOSE GIRLS PLAY BALL, OR YOU'LL BE PLAYING A HARP! I BUMPED OFF STRANGLER SCHULTZ AND BEANHEAD LONERGAN FOR HOLDING OUT ON ME... SO YOU'D BETTER PRAY I GET RESULTS, SEE?

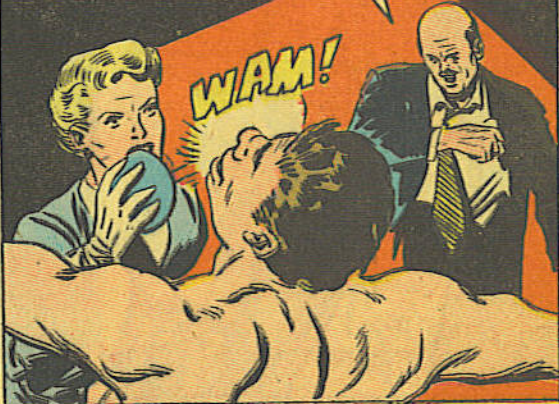
EXIT





YOU BIG FREAK...JUST
BE HAPPY I'M NOT WEAR-
ING MY RING
COSTUME!

THAT'S SOMETHING
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
WEAR AGAIN, SISTER
...UNLESS THEY
BURY YOU IN IT!



HOLD IT, RAT...YOU'RE
ALREADY GOT ENOUGH
MURDERS TO SEND
YOU TO THE HOT
SEAT!



"BY THE TIME INSPECTOR GRAVEL LURCHED TO
HIS FEET...THE GIRLS AND I HAD THINGS PRETTY
WELL SEWED UP!"

YEAH...I FLIONED THE GIRLS
TO COME UP TO WIGWAM LAKE!
I HAD A DEAL COOKED UP...I'D
RELEASE HANK, AND LAY OFF
STEVE DOLAN...IF THEY'D
AGREE TO A CROOKED
MATCH!

YOU'VE MADE ONE
DEAL TOO
MANY, BIG
SHOT...AND
THIS ONE'S
TAKING YOU
STRAIGHT TO
SING SING!



"A WEEK LATER...AT A DOWNTOWN
SPORTS ARENA..."

WOW! WHAT CAN I
DO NOW... BUT
WISH BOTH OF
YOU LUCK!

YEAH...AND I'M
TALKING STRICTLY
FROM EXPERIENCE
WHEN I SAY THEY'LL
BOTH NEED
IT!



"YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT THAT RING WAS LIKE...WHEN JEAN
AND NORMA SQUARED OFF!"

TERRIFIC...AREN'T THEY?
AND DON'T FORGET, GRAVEL...I
STAKED YOU TO A RINGSIDE
SEAT TO HELP YOU FORGET
THOSE WORKOUTS JEAN
AND NORMA GAVE YOU!

SKIP IT, DANNY!
MISTAKES WILL
HAPPEN...BUT
THIS SQUARES
THINGS, PAL!



FOR A THRILL A SECOND...KEEP A
DATE WITH DANGER...IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!

the "POPSICLE" TWINS HELP THE SHERIFF

TESS AND TIM CAPTURE
THE BANK ROBBERS

THIS
"POPSICLE"
CANDID CAMERA'S
A HONEY!



TIM—
THOSE
MEN!

BANK
ROBBERS!



I GOT
'EM IN MY
VIEWFINDER!

WE'LL GET IT
DEVELOPED
AT THE
DRUGSTORE!



HERE'S A
PICTURE OF
THOSE BANK
ROBBERS!

WHY, THEY'RE
HOLDING THOSE
VARMINTS AT
DEADWOOD—
KIDS, YOU GOT YOUR-
SELF A REWARD!

YOU TWINS
WON AN
EXCITING
REWARD!

YOU CAN
GET LOTS OF
REWARDING
GIFTS BY SAY-
ING "POPSICLE"
BAGS WITH THE
POLKA DOTS!



GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



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finder.
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or time
exposures. 16 photos per
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of simulated
pearls, 17"
long with
fashionable
clasp.

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glowing eyes. A lucky
charm that fits any finger.

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Louisiana FIRECRACKER

IT WAS ALMOST dark by the time Billy's father had finished cutting down the small evergreen that was to serve as a Christmas tree, and Billy had begun to shiver in the damp December night air. "C-come on, dad! L-let's start carrying the t--tree home. I'm c-cold."

Mr. Preston smiled at his eight-year old son's chattering teeth. "Didn't know Louisiana winters could be this cold, did you, son? Well, it's at least a two mile walk back to the house." Let's build a fire and get warmed up a bit before we start back. I'll build a hot fire with these pine knots while you start cutting down some of those bamboo canes for fuel."

Glad to be moving and keeping warm once again, Billy hastily cut down some of the tall, ten-foot canes that grew as straight as fence pickets in the thick stand nearby, and brought an armful back to the fire his father had built at the edge of the field.

"Say, dad," Billy said excitedly. "Remember what you taught me last winter about what you can do with bamboo joints and a fire on a cold day? Let's..."

"Let's see both of you get your hands up---fast!" a rough, snarling voice broke in from the darkness outside the circle of firelight.

Mr. Preston and Billy turned quickly and saw a dirty, unshaven, gimlet-eyed man step out from the darkness with a pistol in his hand. When Billy saw his striped prison uniform, he gasped, "Gosh, y...you must be the convict who escaped from the State Prison yesterday. I heard all about it on the radio this morning!"

"Shut up!" the man snarled. His pistol was aimed at Mr. Preston. "You--start takin' off your coat an' clothes. You're about my size--an' I'll have to git out of these prison duds to make a getaway. An' don't try any tricks--be-

cause I've already killed four guards, an' I've still got two bullets left!"

Mr. Preston shrugged, and started taking off his coat. "Put some of those bamboo canes on the fire, Billy," he said. "I'm going to be mighty cold in a few minutes."

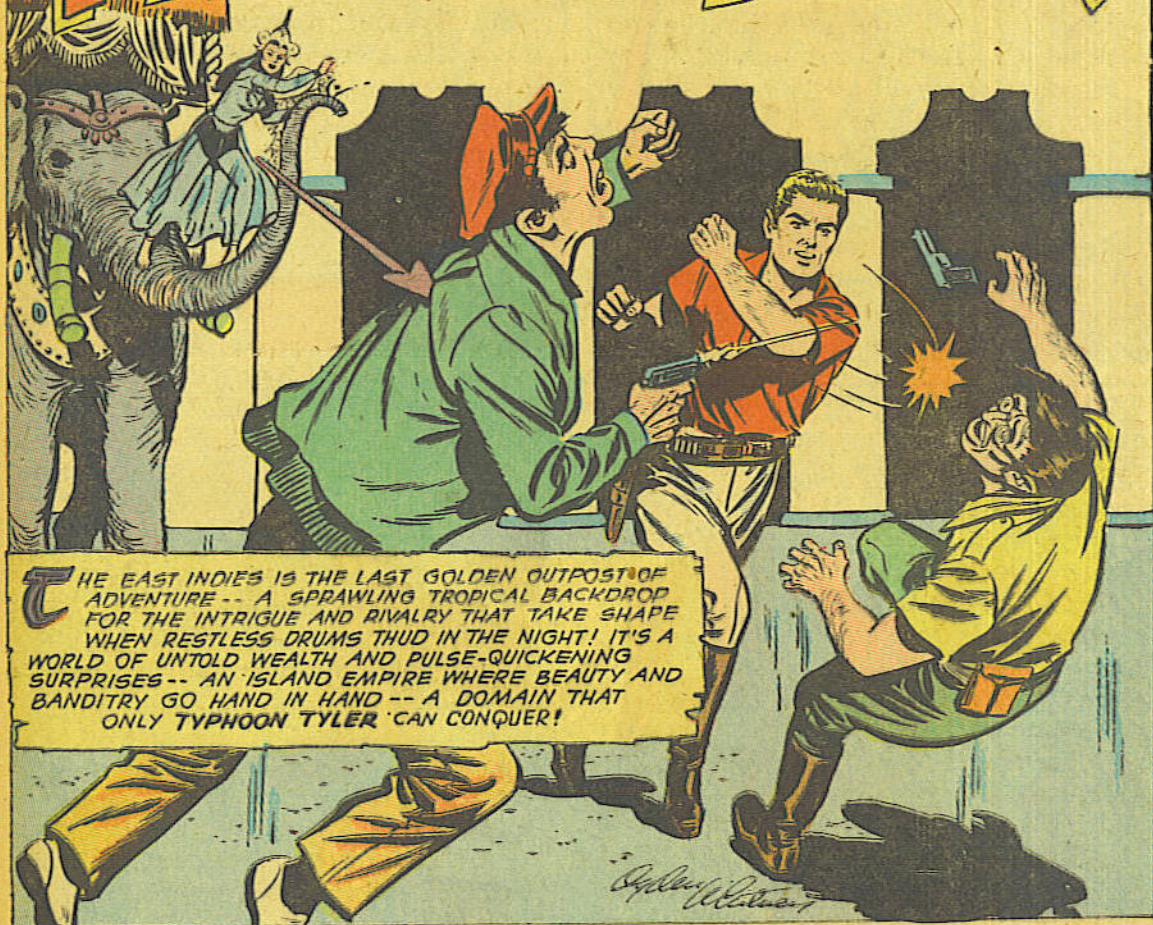
"Yeah, make it plenty hot," the convict grinned. "Those swamps I hid in almost froze me to death."

A plan began forming in Billy's mind as he fed the fire. Taking one of the bamboo canes by the small end, he poked the bottom joint into the fire, pretending to stir it up. The convict had his back half-turned to Billy as he watched Mr. Preston, and the boy's heart leaped as he noticed his father observing the fire out of the corner of his eyes. Just as the joint began to shrivel and curl a little, Billy began lifting the bamboo out of the fire. Instantly, Mr. Preston pointed off into the darkness and said, "Listen---I heard someone moving out there!"

The convict turned his back completely on Billy, aiming his gun into the darkness---and in that moment, the boy hurled the burning bamboo joint with all his might into the cold night air. Instants later, a sharp explosion like the crack of a gun split the air from behind the convict, who whirled frantically and fired two shots in the direction of the noise.

But the next sound was Mr. Preston's fist smashing against the convict's jaw, knocking him out cold. And when the prisoner revived, only to find himself securely tied up, Mr. Preston grinned down at him and said, "There was no one out there---and that noise was no gun report. Billy just kept a bamboo cane in the fire until the sap was vaporized in the joint. Then, his suddenly hurling it into the cold air caused the cane to split with an exploding noise. You were just scared by a favorite form of Louisiana firecracker!"

TYPHOON TYLER



THE EAST INDIES IS THE LAST GOLDEN OUTPOST OF ADVENTURE -- A SPRAWLING TROPICAL BACKDROP FOR THE INTRIGUE AND RIVALRY THAT TAKE SHAPE WHEN RESTLESS DRUMS THUD IN THE NIGHT! IT'S A WORLD OF UNTOLD WEALTH AND PULSE-QUICKENING SURPRISES -- AN ISLAND EMPIRE WHERE BEAUTY AND BANDITRY GO HAND IN HAND -- A DOMAIN THAT ONLY TYPHOON TYLER CAN CONQUER!

TYPHOON TYLER! IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO COULD FIND PEARLS, DEVILFISH -- IT'S HIM!

WE'LL FIND OUT! LET 'EM PASS -- AND LISTEN!



ANOTHER WASTED WEEK, TYPHOON -- AND ANOTHER PEARL BED THAT'S BEEN FISHED OUT CLEAN! IT'S THE SAME STORY THROUGHOUT THE INDIES -- NATIVE DIVERS SEEM TO BE GETTIN' 'EM, BUT WE CAN'T FIND ONE PEARL BEING TRADED ANYWHERE!

SEEMS I REMEMBER THE SAME THING HAPPENED ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO, CHARLIE -- AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER! MY OLD FRIEND SERAT SINGH HAS A TRADING POST DOWN THE COAST -- AND HE'S BEEN HANDLING PEARLS HALF A LIFETIME!



AS TYPHOON AND CUTLASS CHARLIE
CRUISE PAST--



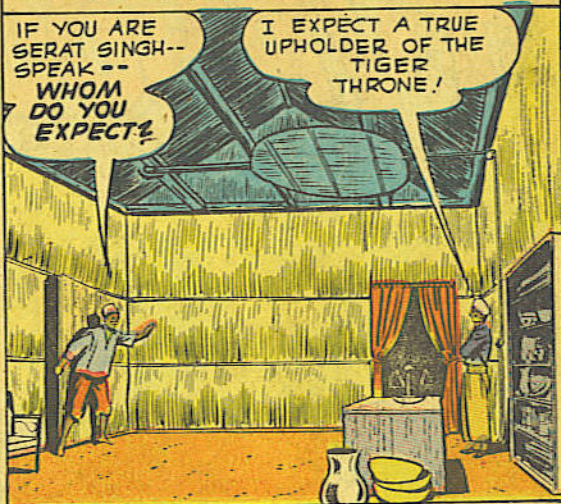
SERAT
SINGH!

YES! AND SINCE WE HAVE A
FASTER BOAT THAN TYPHOON--
TYLER'S-- WOULDN'T IT BE
FOOLISH OF US NOT TO GET
THAT INFORMATION FOR
OURSELVES?

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT-- AT A TRADING POST
HACKED FROM THE COASTAL JUNGLE--

IF YOU ARE
SERAT SINGH--
SPEAK--
WHOM
DO YOU
EXPECT?

I EXPECT A TRUE
UPHOLDER OF THE
TIGER
THRONE!



THEN I
BRING
THESE,
SERAT
SINGH!

TELL YOUR PEOPLE
THAT THEIR AN-
CESTORS CAN BE
HAPPY-- TELL THEM
THAT SERAT SINGH
IS HONORED BY
HIS MISSION!

SUDDENLY--

VOICES! HIDE
YOURSELF--
THERE ARE
FOREIGNERS
COMING!



DEVILFISH RYAN!
ENTER-- ENTER-- MY
POOR ROOF IS
YOUR SHELTER!

JUST
THOUGHT I'D
SEE HOW THINGS
WERE GOING,
SERAT SINGH!
HOW'S TRADE?
ANY PROFITS--
ANY PEARLS?



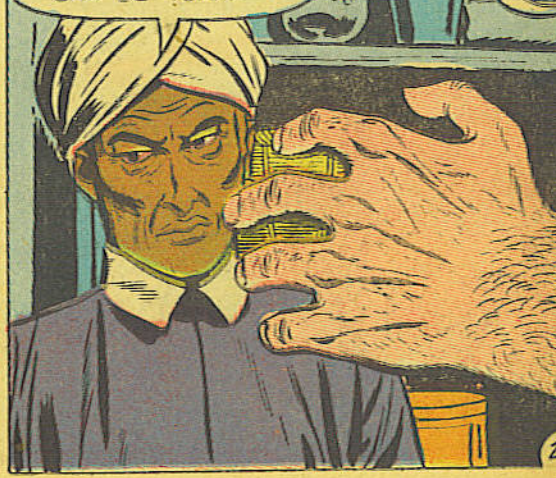
TRADE PROSPERS, DEVILFISH--
MY PROFITS COMFORT MY
OLD AGE-- BUT PEARLS!
MAY ALLAH JUDGE ME IF
I HAVE TRADED EVEN
ONE THESE MANY
MONTHS!

I'M NOT
INTERESTED
FOR MYSELF,
UNDERSTAND!
MY MOLUCCA
PEARLING SYNDI-
CATE HAS MAPPED
MANY A SECRET
OYSTER BED-- BUT
I'D LIKE TO CLEAR THIS
UP AND GIVE PRIVATE
PEARLERS LIKE TY-
PHOON TYLER A
BREAK!



TYPHOON TYLER IS A
FRIEND OF MINE, TUAN--
BUT NO-- NOT EVEN HE
CAN BE TOLD!

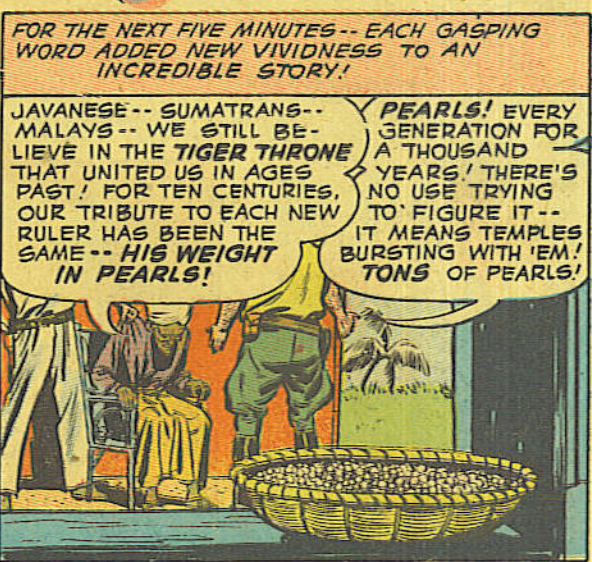
BUT YOU DO
KNOW, EH?





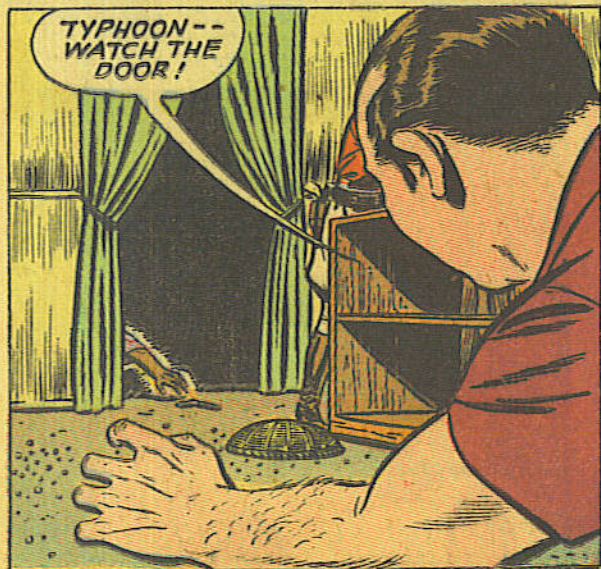
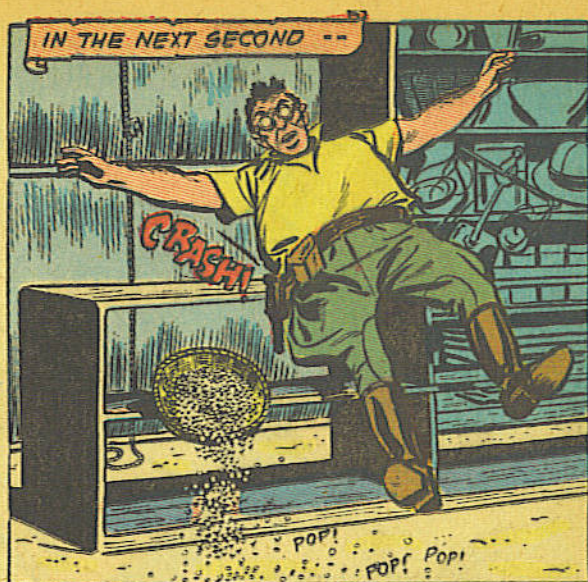
WHAT ABOUT THE PEARLS, SERAT SINGH?

NOT-- EVEN-- TYPHOON TYLER!



MATE, THAT'S SOMETHING I'M ALWAYS READY FOR!

YES -- DEAD! NOT A VERY WISE TIME FOR YOU TO SHOW UP, MY FRIEND!





QUICKLY YANKING THE FAN'S CORD...



I'LL TAKE HIM, CHARLIE!

POW!



THIS MANY PEARLS IS JUST THE LEAD I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! WHAT'S THE STORY?

WAIT, TUN! THEY CHOSE ME-- THEY TRUSTED ME WITH A SECRET THAT IS AGES OLD-- AND I WOULD RATHER DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS THAN UTTER A SINGLE WORD!



BUT WHAT ABOUT DEVILFISH? SUPPOSE HE KNOWS-- WHAT GOOD WILL YOUR SECRET BE THEN?

DEVILFISH? TUN, TONIGHT HE HAS DOOMED HIMSELF-- AS SURELY AS A KNIFE IN HIS HEART! I WILL WARN THEM-- THEY WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH DEVILFISH RYAN!



I KNOW THE INDIES-- I KNEW SERAT SINGH-- AND I KNOW HOW TO JUDGE MEN! TAKE THE PEARLS!

YOU MAY NEVER KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, TYPHOON TYLER! BUT MILLIONS WILL HEAR OF THIS-- MILLIONS WILL SAY, "THIS WE EXPECTED OF HIM-- BECAUSE HE IS A FRIEND!"



OKAY-- YOU TRUSTED HIM! BUT HERE YOU'VE GOT A FORTUNE IN PEARLS VANISHING INTO NOWHERE-- AND JUST ABOUT EVERYONE IN THE INDIES WISE TO THE REASON! WHY AREN'T WE?

THINGS TAKE TIME HERE IN THE INDIES, CHARLIE! WE WILL KNOW!



MEANWHILE-- ABOARD DEVILFISH'S LAUNCH--

TOPERA! SURE, I'VE HEARD THE LEGEND THAT ITS RULERS ONCE HELD SWAY OVER THE ENTIRE INDIES-- BUT WHO'D BELIEVE IT? HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A WHITE MAN GOING TO TOPERA?

NOT WITHOUT GUIDES-- BOATMEN-- INTERPRETERS! WHAT WHITE MAN COULD GET TO TOPERA, DEVILFISH? WHO'D LEAD THEM THERE-- THE NATIVES-- PEOPLE LIKE SERAT SINGH? THEY'RE NOT CRAZY!

WE'LL FIND OUR WAY TO TOPERA-- AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, I WANT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE **ELSE** DOES! NOW GET THIS-- I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP EVERY ONE OF OUR DIVERS FROM BATAVIA TO THE ARAFURA SEA-- EVERY STRANDED BLACKBIRDER AND EVERY BEACHCOMBER ABLE TO PACK A GUN! TELL 'EM DEVILFISH SENT YOU, AND TELL 'EM WHAT'S WAITING-- **MILE FOR MILE, THE RICHEST SPOT ON EARTH!**



A WEEK LATER-- ON A CORAL BEACH LOST IN A SOLITUDE OF SUN AND SEA--

HEAR 'EM? THE DRUMS SAY THE SULTAN JUST LEFT!

THEY'RE **ALL** GOING SOMEWHERE-- FROM WHAT I HEAR ALONG THE COAST! THE RAJAH OF BONKOR-- THE SULTAN OF KANDARANG-- HALF A DOZEN OTHERS! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND-- BUT WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE TO **US**?



WAIT! THERE'S NO PEARLS HERE, MATE-- NO WRECKS, NO CONTRABAND-- NOTHING! WHAT'S DEVILFISH RYAN WANT **THIS** TIME?

MEN!

MEANWHILE-- THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY--

QUIT BEEFING ABOUT DEVILFISH RYAN, CHARLIE! DON'T YOU THINK I WANT TO FIND HIM, TOO?

O.K.--WHERE? DO YOU SEE ANY TRACE OF THAT SLAT-FACED SWAB AROUND **HERE**?



SUDDENLY--



IT'S A PEARL-- A BEAUTY! MY GOSH, TYPHOON-- WHERE'D IT COME FROM?



KNOW SOMETHING?

DRINK-- SAY NOTHING!





HOURS PASS-- HOURS SPANGLED WITH DAZED FLASHES OF BEING CARRIED-- THE SLOW PITCHING OF A NATIVE BOAT-- THE HALF-HEARD BABBLE OF A STRANGE LANGUAGE--

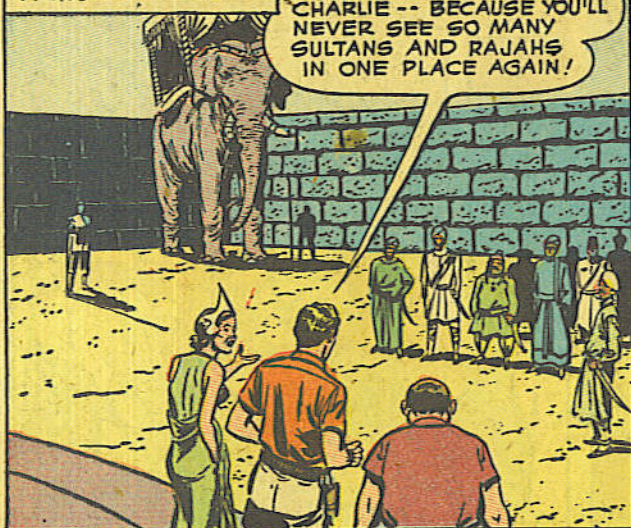


THEN-- IN THE GLITTER OF A FABULOUS SUNLIT HALL--



A MOMENT LATER--

WOW! GET AN EYEFUL, CHARLIE -- BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER SEE SO MANY SULTANS AND RAJAHS IN ONE PLACE AGAIN!

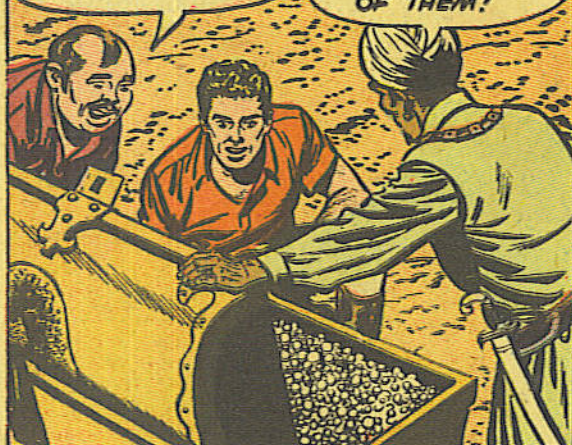


WE MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE METHOD USED TO BRING YOU HERE, TYPHOON TYLER -- BUT SECRECY HAS BEEN OUR WATCHWORD! THE COURIER WE SENT TO SERAT SINGH HAS CONFIRMED OUR CONFIDENCE IN YOU -- AND YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR A MISSION NO OTHER MAN CAN ACCOMPLISH!



TYPHOON, LOOK AT 'EM! SOME OF 'EM AS BIG AS GRAPES -- THEY CAN'T BE REAL!

YES, THEY'RE PEARLS -- EXACTLY A HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS OF THEM!



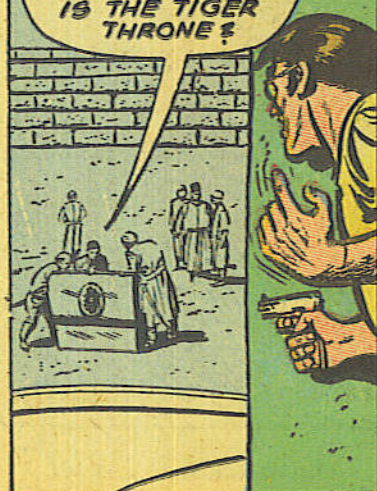
IT MUST HAVE TAKEN A THOUSAND DIVERS MONTHS TO BRING UP A HOARD LIKE THIS! NO WONDER HARDLY ANY PEARLS WERE BEING TRADED THROUGHOUT THE INDIES!

THAT IS OUR TRIBUTE TO THE NEW RULER OF THE TIGER THRONE -- AND TRADITION DECREES THAT IT BE DELIVERED BY TWO OF US REIGNING PRINCES, CHOSEN BY LOT! BUT THERE IS TALK OF VIOLENCE AND SCHEMING BY DEVILFISH RYAN -- AND OUR PEOPLE WILL NOT LET US RISK OUR LIVES! WILL YOU RISK YOURS, TYPHOON TYLER?



SURE -- IF YOU'RE READY TO RISK A SECRET! WHERE IS THE TIGER THRONE?

THEN -- AS A MURDEROUS VOLLEY SWEEPS THE ENTIRE COURTYARD --



CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

"BEATING THE
BEACH BARRAGE"

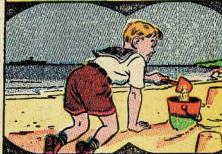


U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BIKE CLUB
BOYS WATCH
FROM A SAFE
DISTANCE AS A
GROUP OF
NAVY
DESTROYERS
AND
CRUISERS
STEAM IN FOR
FIRING
PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY
DOWN A BARRAGE ON
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



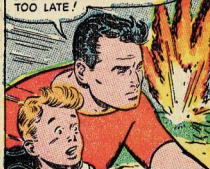
YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID
IN THE
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET
AREA AND --



PHHEW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS
LIKE THE BOYS WERE
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE
GOT TO THE
RADIO-ROOM,
WE HEARD THE
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL
RIGHT, BOYS... AND
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
WAS AVOIDED --
THANKS
TO ROYAL!

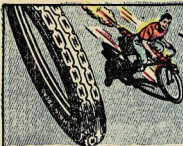
ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
YOU MEAN... THAT'S
WHERE THE SPEED
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING. TRY
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S
EXTRA MILEAGE IN
THEM, TOO!



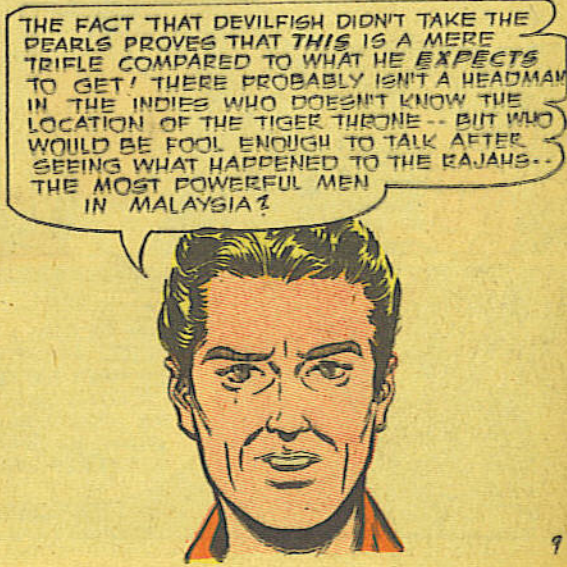
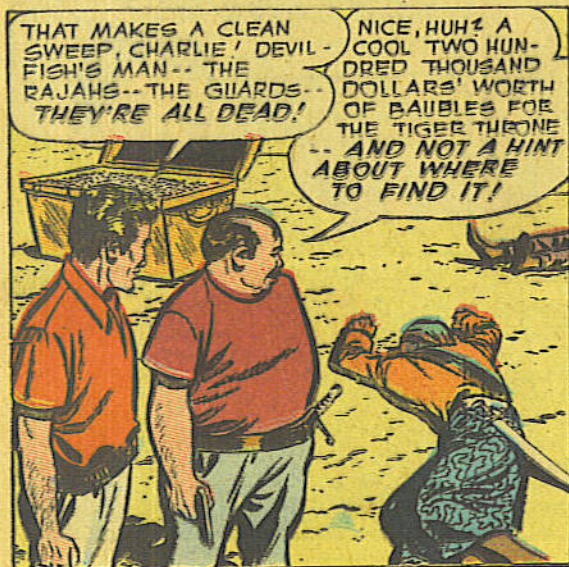
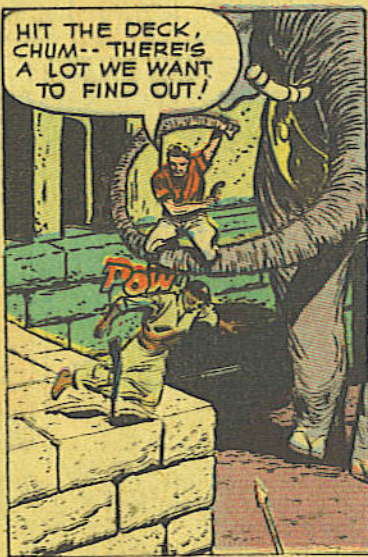
SPLIT-SECOND STOPS ...
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT
TIRES ARE ROYALS!



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



WHAT ABOUT THOSE COSTUMES, TYPHOON? THEY'RE NOT ONLY WORTH A MINT-- BUT THEY'RE PROBABLY TRADITIONAL OUTFITS THE **NEW** RAJAHS WILL NEED WHEN THEY TAKE OVER!

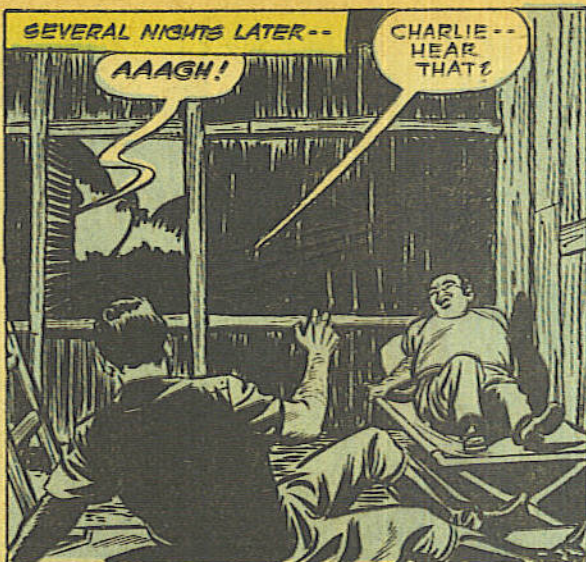
CHECK! I'LL SEE THAT WE GET THEM AT THE FUNERAL RITES!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER--

AAAGH!

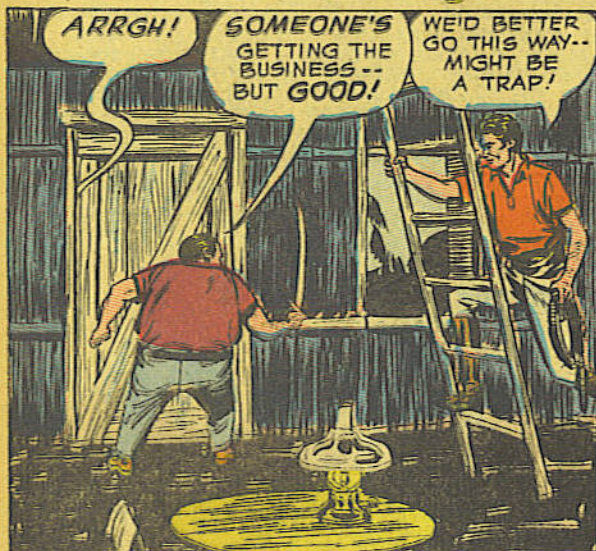
CHARLIE-- HEAR THAT?



ARRGH!

SOMEONE'S GETTING THE BUSINESS-- BUT **GOOD!**

WE'D BETTER GO THIS WAY-- MIGHT BE A TRAP!



RECOGNIZE 'EM? **DEVILFISH'S MEN!**

O.K.-- LET'S TAKE 'EM!



WITH THE ACCOMPLICES MOMENTARILY BEATEN BACK--

YE GODS, TYPHOON-- THEY'VE GIVEN THIS POOR DEVIL SOME BEATING!



HAH! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK OR WRITE **NOW!** DEVILFISH TOLD US TO TAKE NO CHANCES WHEN WE INTERCEPTED THIS MESSENGER FROM THE TIGER THRONE, TYPHOON!



MAYBE HE SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU ABOUT **US, RAT!**



YAAGH!

DAYS PASS -- WITH TYPHOON TENDING DEVILFISH'S MUTE AND HELPLESS VICTIM --

THE TIGER THRONE HADN'T GOT A CHANCE, TYPHOON! WHEREVER IT IS, DEVILFISH MUST BE THERE BY NOW -- AND HE'S STAKED OUT HIS CLAIM IN **BLOOD!**

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY THIS POOR DEVIL KEEPS LOOKING AT HIS SHIRT! HE'S BEEN STARING HOUR AFTER HOUR, CHARLIE -- AS IF HE'S TRYING TO GET SOMETHING ACROSS TO US!



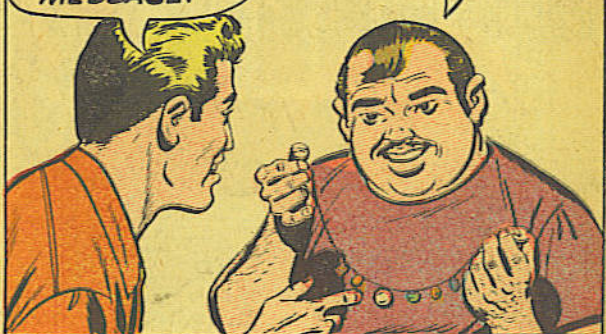
THEN -- FOLLOWING THE NATIVE'S SILENT GAZE --

GREAT GUNS -- **HERE'S** WHAT HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR US TO FIND!



I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH, CHARLIE! ROCKS LIKE THESE DESERVE TO BE MOUNTED IN GOLD -- UNLESS THEY'RE NOT MEANT AS JEWELRY -- **UNLESS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO CONVEY A MESSAGE!**

COULD BE -- BUT WHAT'S THE ANGLE! YOU'VE GOT A TOPAZ, AN OPAL, AND A BIG PEARL -- AN EMERALD, A RUBY, AND AN AMETHYST! IT DOESN'T ADD UP!



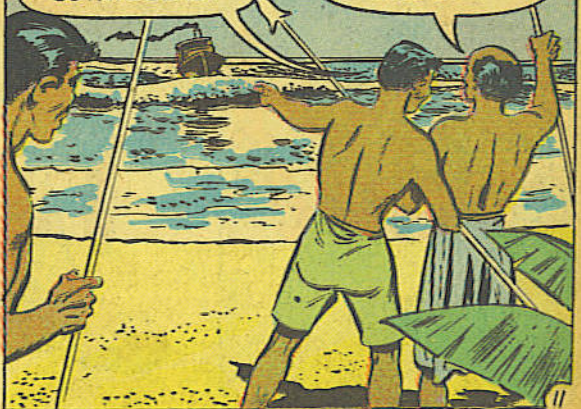
NOPE -- BUT IT **SPELLS!** T FOR TOPAZ -- GET IT? -- **O, P, E, R, A!** THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE TIGER THRONE, CHUM, IN **TOPERA!**



TWO DAYS LATER -- ON A REMOTE BEACH IN THE MOLUCCAS --

THEY ARE STRANGERS! OUR PEOPLE SAIL IN CANOES AND OUTRIGGERS!

TOPERA MAY BE CONQUERED -- BUT **THESE WHITE MEN** WILL DIE!



THEN-- AS THE LAUNCH
GROUNDS IN THE SURF--

LOOK! THE GREAT ONES
HAVE COME TO TOPERA!



AS THE EXCITED NATIVES
SWARM FROM THEIR
SHACKS--

NEVER AGAIN WILL WE
TRUST A FOREIGNER-- NOT
EVEN TYPHOON TYLER! BUT
OUR OWN LEADERS ARE
HERE-- NOW DEVILFISH
RYAN WILL SEE HOW WE
CAN FIGHT!



SOON AFTERWARD-- IN THE
GLITTERING PALACE OF THE
TIGER THRONE--

A HUNDRED
AND TWENTY
POUNDS OF
PEARLS-- I
MIGHT HAVE
GUESSED
I'D WIND
UP WITH A
BRIDE!

YOU CAN TAUNT ME
NOW, DEVILFISH--
BUT REMEMBER
THIS-- NO
INVADER HAS
EVER LIVED
LONG ENOUGH
TO CLAIM THIS
THRONE!



AT THAT MOMENT--

AAAGHH!

DEVILFISH! THE
TREACHEROUS
VERMIN ARE
ATTACKING!



I'D RATHER USE MY
RUSTY OLD CUTLASS
ANY DAY-- BUT THIS
SWORD REALLY
WORKS, TYPHOON!

TYPHOON! I'LL
QUELL THESE NATIVES--
BY SHOWING THEM
YOUR DEAD
BODIES!



YAAGH!

DEVILFISH-- YOU'VE LEFT A TRAIL OF
SLAUGHTER CLEAR ACROSS THE INDIES--
AND HERE'S WHERE IT ENDS!



LATER -- WITH THE
INVADERS CARTURED--

I SPEAK FOR MY PEOPLE,
TYPHOON-- AND I SPEAK
FOR MYSELF! STAY
WITH US, AND YOU WILL
BE HAPPY-- YOU WILL
BE IN A WORLD APART
FROM DANGER
AND VIOLENCE!

SORRY,
SWEET-
HEART--
BUT IN
THAT
CASE I
WOULDN'T
BE
TYPHOON
TYLER!



SULTRY
INTRIGUE--
TORRID
ROMANCE--
SIZZLING
ADVENTURE!
THEY'RE
ALL PART
OF
TYPHOON
TYLER'S
NEXT
EXPLOIT
ALONG THE
EQUATOR--
IN THE
COMING
ISSUE!

the
END

OPERATION: DYNAMITE!

TONY GRANT LEANED over the balcony that ran around the upper wall of the nitrator house in the huge dynamite factory, and looked worriedly down at the light red glow emanating from the lead vat below him. He'd learned a lot about the dynamite-making business in the few days since the Counter-Espionage Bureau had assigned him to the plant, and he knew enough now to realize that the red color spelled out DANGER!

He'd found out, for example, that nitric and sulfuric acids and glycerine were the substances being poured into the lead vat, which was suspended over a cistern of water. Whenever the fusing of those substances was chemically satisfactory, the vat gave off a light blue vapor. But when the mixture was fusing improperly, the blue gradually turned pink, then to light red, then to a darker crimson...and finally *exploded*! And Tony knew that the red vapor he was looking at now wasn't very far from blowing the nitrator house sky-high!

Grimly, Tony raced down the balcony steps toward the vat control board where the nitrator operator sat. The operator was the one who was supposed to press a button and send the entire vat mixture into the cistern water below if the color ever reached the danger point...but this operator, a young engineer by the name of Glen Forster, wasn't doing his job!

After the series of violent explosions which had periodically wrecked the nitrator houses of this dynamite plant, the Defense Department had asked the Counter-Espionage Bureau to send a sabotage-investigator down. The first thing Tony had done was make a thorough inquiry into the background of the next scheduled nitrator-operator, only to find that Glen Forster was unquestionably

loyal. But then...why was he waiting so long to "drown" the explosive charge? Why was he sitting calmly by when the nitrator house was about to be blown up?

In a few more strides, Tony reached the control board just as the vat's red color flared to a bright crimson. A moment later, Tony's finger pressed savagely down on the control button that dumped the vat's entire explosive mixture into the cistern waters below.

Glen Forster leaped up angrily from his chair, shouting, "Why'd you do that? The vapor was still a grayish-blue color. There wasn't any danger!"

Tony stared at the young engineer a moment, and then snapped, "Tell me, Forster...what color is my tie?"

"Why, it's a grayish-blue. But what does that have to do with...hey, where are you taking me?"

"To the personnel manager who hired you!" Tony said, grabbing the engineer's arm and hurrying him outside.

Ten minutes later, in the personnel offices on the opposite end of the mile-long factory grounds, Tony faced the personnel manager, Hugh Roberts. "Roberts, I'm accusing you of sabotage," Tony said. "You hired Forster, so you must have given him a color-blindness test for such a responsible position...and I want you to give him another test in my presence!"

In reply, Roberts reached swiftly into his desk drawer and stood up, holding a gun. "So you guessed it, eh?" he snarled. "Sure, I'm a saboteur. They paid me enough to hire nitrator operators who were blind to the color red...and now...OWWW!"

The bullet from Tony's sleeve deringer pierced Roberts' gun-hand, and as Tony picked up the fallen gun, he smilingly patted his blood-red tie.

Announcing

OPERATION: PERIL



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OPERATION: PERIL

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Name

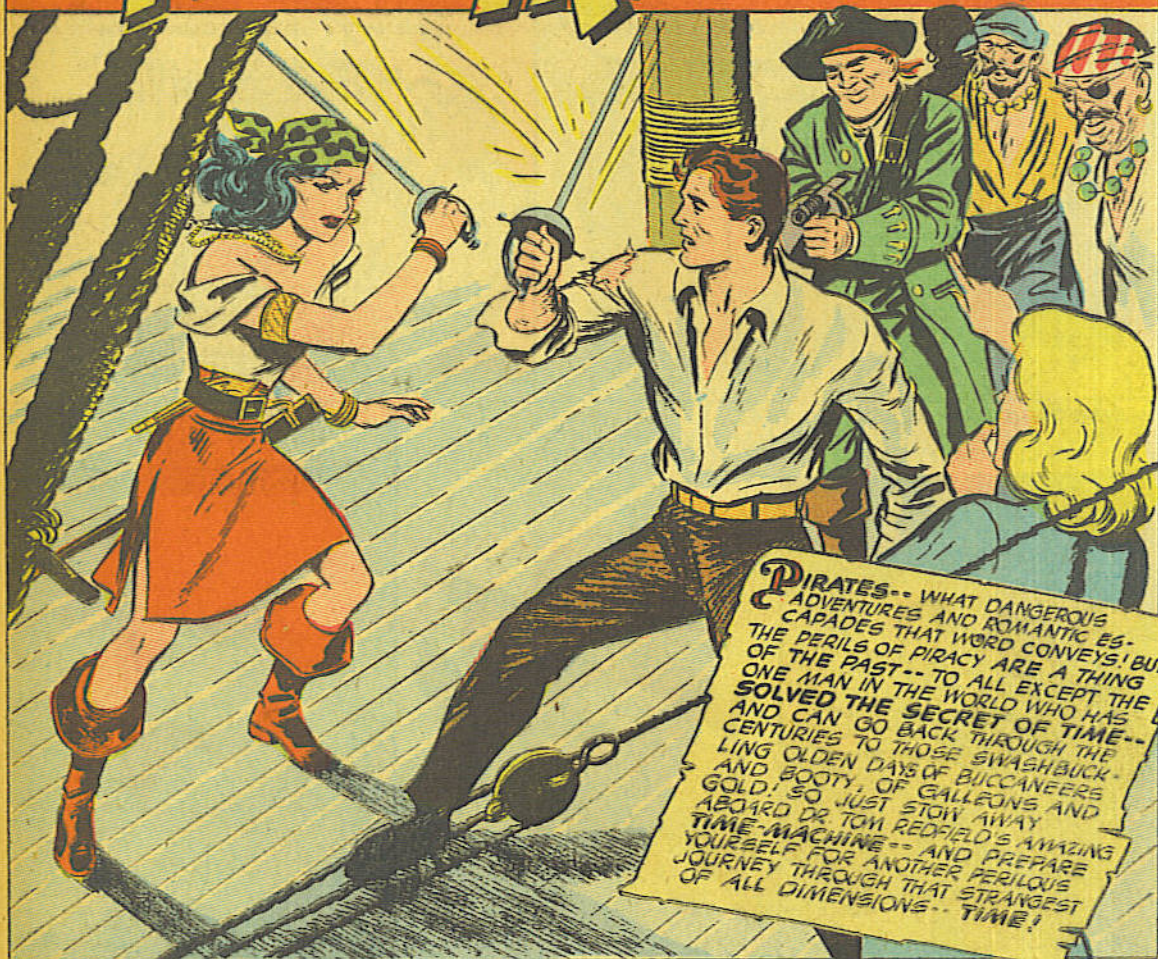
Address

City State

SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with Coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

The TIME TRAVELERS



IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. TOM REDFIELD, BRILLIANT YOUNG INVENTOR OF THE TIME-MACHINE --

WELL, TOM, HAVEN'T YOU DECIDED YET HOW YOU'RE GOING TO USE THE TIME-MACHINE NEXT?

NO, PEGGY! I'VE BEEN SWAMPED WITH APPLICATIONS FROM HISTORICAL, GEOLOGICAL, AND ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETIES AND MUSEUMS-- ALL OF THEM INSISTING THAT I USE THE TIME-MACHINE TO HELP THEM OUT IN SOME PET PROJECT OF THEIRS! IT'S NOT EASY TRYING TO PICK OUT THE ONE THAT SOUNDS MOST IMPORTANT!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

DR. REDFIELD? MY NAME IS ROGER BLAKE! I'M A WRITER OF HISTORICAL NOVELS, WORKING ON A BOOK ABOUT ANNE BONNY, THE FAMOUS WOMAN PIRATE OF HISTORY! I'LL PAY YOU WELL TO TRANSPORT ME BACK TO THE EARLY 1700'S. SO I CAN GATHER SOME AUTHENTIC BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR MY NOVEL!

SORRY, MR. BLAKE--I CAN'T PUT MY TIME-MACHINE TO SUCH TRIVIAL USES WHEN SO MANY OTHER URGENT PROJECTS ARE ON THE WAITING LIST!



WAIT -- DO YOU CONSIDER A TREASURE WORTH **TEN MILLION DOLLARS** TRIVIAL? THAT'S HOW MUCH BOOTY ANNE BONNY IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURIED IN A SECRET SPOT BEFORE SHE WAS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH IN 1720! AND WHEN WE GO BACK INTO THE PAST AND **GET** THAT TREASURE, I'LL SPLIT THE LOOT WITH YOU!

I DON'T ACCEPT BRIBES FOR THE USE OF MY TIME-MACHINE, AND I HAVE NO USE FOR FORTUNE-HUNTERS! **SO GET OUT!**



NO STUPID SCIENTIST IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM A FORTUNE -- **GET HIM, BOYS!**



MAYBE **THIS** WILL TEACH YOU THAT EVEN A SCIENTIST CAN BE AN ALL-COLLEGIATE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP...



... AN OLYMPIC WEIGHT-LIFTING TITLE HOLDER...



... A NATIONAL AMATEUR WRESTLING CHAMP...



AND AN ALL-AMERICAN CHUMP!

CRACK!



YOU'D BETTER START PLAYING BALL WITH US, REDFIELD -- BECAUSE I WON'T HESITATE TO **KILL** YOU IF YOU REFUSE TO TAKE US INTO THE PAST! AS SOON AS I READ ABOUT YOUR INVENTING THE TIME-MACHINE, I SPENT EVERY WAKING MOMENT FOR MONTHS IN HISTORICAL RE-SEARCH ABOUT ANNE BONNY AND HER TREASURE -- **AND NO ONE IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING MY HANDS ON THOSE MILLIONS NOW!**



YOU WOULDN'T **DARE** KILL ME -- BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS THE INTRICACIES OF THE TIME-MACHINE! WITHOUT ME, YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT FORTUNE!

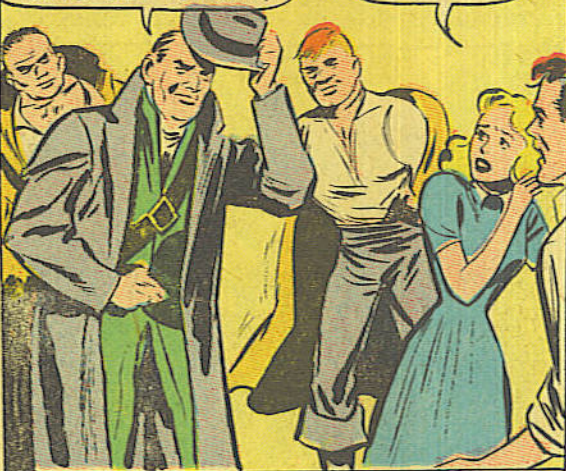
YOU'RE RIGHT-- BUT I CAN SHOOT YOUR GIRL FRIEND-- AND I WILL-- UNLESS YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!

ALL... ALL RIGHT, BLAKE-- YOU WIN!



NOW YOU'RE SHOWING SOME SENSE! OKAY, BOYS, GET YOUR COATS OFF AND LET'S GET TO WORK!

YOU... YOU'RE ALL WEARING COSTUMES!



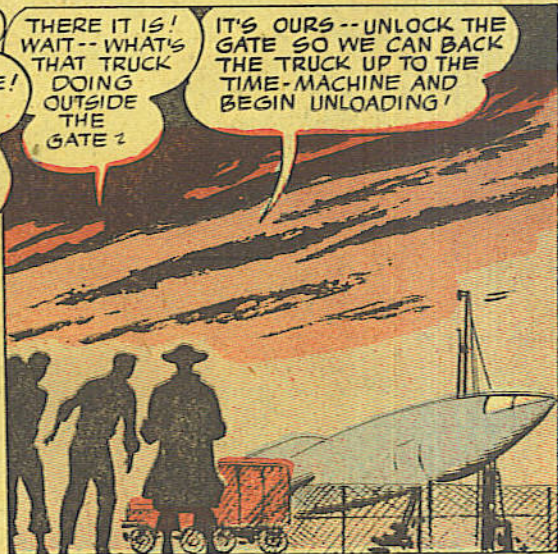
SURE-- PIRATE COSTUMES! WE'VE GOT TO PRETEND TO BE PIRATES IN ORDER TO WIN ANN BONNY'S CONFIDENCE! BUT YOU TWO WILL BE DRESSED IN 20TH CENTURY CLOTHES-- SO IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, YOU'LL BE EASILY RECOGNIZED! NOW, REDFIELD-- TAKE US OUT TO THE TIME-MACHINE!

THERE IT IS! WAIT-- WHAT'S THAT TRUCK DOING OUTSIDE THE GATE?

IT'S OURS-- UNLOCK THE GATE SO WE CAN BACK THE TRUCK UP TO THE TIME-MACHINE AND BEGIN UNLOADING!



IT'S IN THE TAKE-OFF FIELD BEHIND THE LAB-- I'LL SHOW YOU!



BUT-- WHAT'S IN ALL THOSE CRATES?

MACHINE-GUNS, HAND GRENADES, TEAR-GAS BOMBS, AUTOMATIC RIFLES! THEY'RE GIFTS FOR ANNE BONNY-- TO GAIN HER CONFIDENCE, AND TO ENABLE HER TO COLLECT AN EVEN MORE IMMENSE FORTUNE-- WHICH WE'LL TAKE BACK TO THE 20TH CENTURY! AS SOON AS IT'S ALL LOADED, YOU'LL SET THE TIME-MACHINE DIALS FOR THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF TORTOLA ON APRIL 3RD, 1720!

WHEN ALL ARE FINALLY ABOARD--

TAKE OFF, REDFIELD, AND REMEMBER-- NO TRICKS!

OF COURSE NOT-- I WOULDN'T DARE RISK PEGGY'S LIFE BY TRYING TO TRICK YOU! AND SINCE SHE'S GOING TO HELP ME NAVIGATE, SHE'LL STRAP HERSELF INTO HER SEAT JUST AS I'VE DONE-- AND I'LL JUST TURN THE POWER-CONTROL KEY THAT'LL SEND US ON OUR WAY--



DOWN, DOWN THROUGH THE STRANGE SPIRALS OF TIME ITSELF --



SECONDS LATER --



AND AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT --



IT WORKED, PEGGY! I NEGLECTED TO TELL THEM TO STRAP THEMSELVES IN-- AND PURPOSELY LANDED HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK THEM ALL OUT COLD! NOW WE CAN GO BACK TO 1951 AND TURN THESE MEN OVER TO THE POLICE!

BUT YOU MAY HAVE LANDED TOO HARD, TOM-- WE'D BETTER GO OUT AND SEE IF THE LANDING GEAR IS DAMAGED BEFORE WE MAKE A LANDING IN OUR OWN TIME!



NOPE-- EVERYTHING LOOKS SHIPSHAPE! SO LET'S GET BACK ABOARD AND GET OUT OF TORTOLA AND THE 18TH CENTURY!

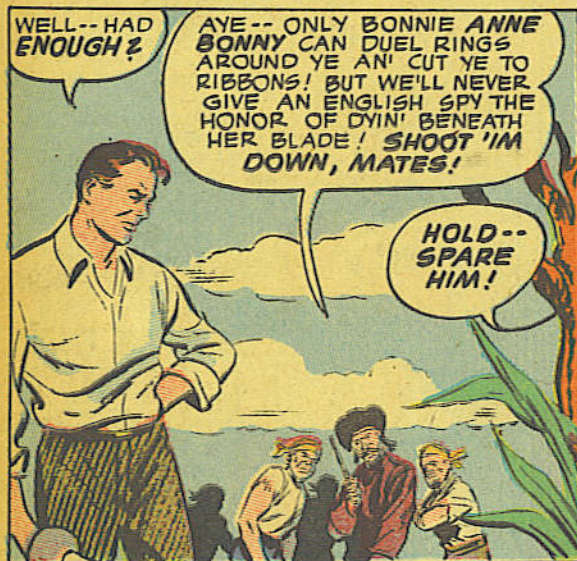


THEY SPEAK ENGLISH-- KILL THE BRITISH SPIES!

OH, TOM-- PIRATES!

AYE, THE BLOODIEST PIRATES THAT EVER SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS! AT 'EM, ME LADS-- DEATH TO THE BRITISH-ERS WHO WOULD SPY ON THE CAMP OF ANNE BONNY!





AH, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YE'RE ONE OF THOSE BOLD NEW COLONISTS-- A MAN LIKE YOU COULD ONLY COME FROM ADVENTUROUS AMERICA! I'M GLAD TO WELCOME YE-- AS MY MATE!



AS HER MATE--- OH, TOM-- HOW COULD YOU?



ER-- DIDN'T YOU MEAN THAT I WAS TO BE MATE ON YOUR SHIP, ANNE?

IT MATTERS NOT WHAT I MEANT! AND WHO IS THIS FANCY MILKSOP?



SHE'S... ER... JUST A HOSTAGE I'VE BEEN HOLDING FOR RANSOM! DON'T HARM HER-- SHE COMES OF A WEALTHY FAMILY, AND HER HEAD IS WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE BUCCANEER, TOM! WE'LL KEEP HER A PRISONER ON MY SHIP-- WHILE YOU AND I SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS TOGETHER AND WREST A THOUSAND FORTUNES FROM A THOUSAND GALLEONS!



NO, NOT YOU AND HIM, ANNE--

-- YOU AND ME!

THEY'RE SPIES, ANNE-- AS WELL AS MY ENEMIES! ORDER YOUR MEN TO SEIZE THEM!

WHO ARE YOU?

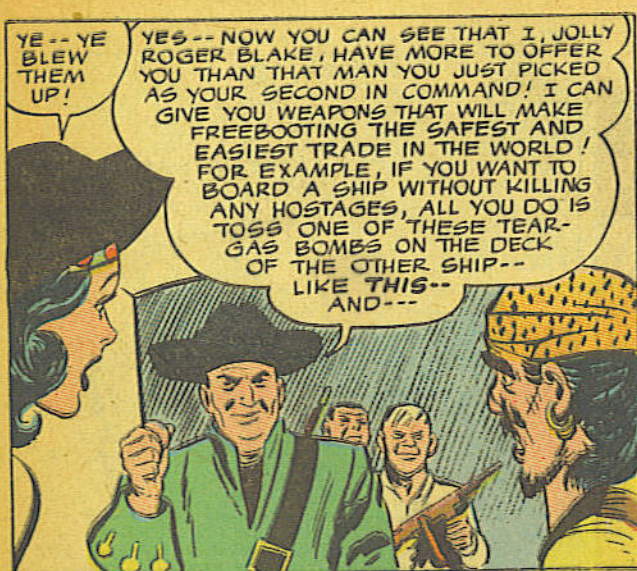
IF THEY'RE YOUR ENEMIES, I'LL HAVE 'EM SKEWERED! LET 'EM TASTE YER COLD STEEL, ME HEARTIES!

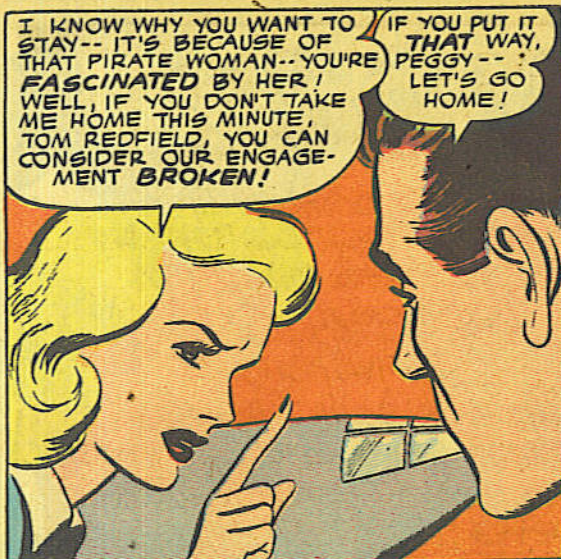
I'LL GIVE YOUR MEN SOMETHING TO TASTE-- THE LATEST MODEL HAND GRENADE!



BLAM!

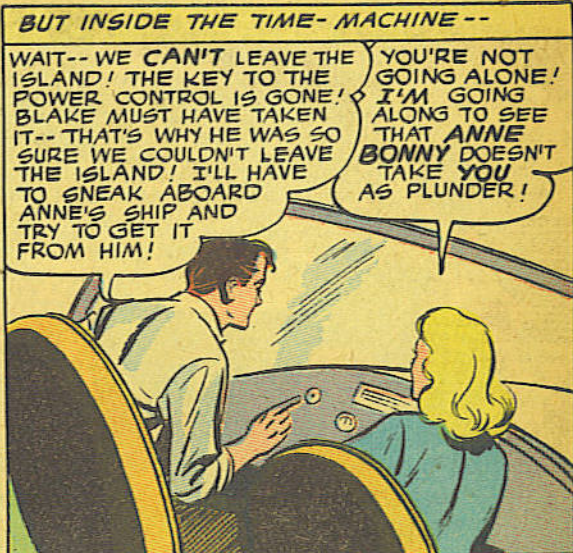






I KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO STAY-- IT'S BECAUSE OF THAT PIRATE WOMAN-- YOU'RE **FASCINATED** BY HER! WELL, IF YOU DON'T TAKE ME HOME THIS MINUTE, TOM REDFIELD, YOU CAN CONSIDER OUR ENGAGEMENT **BROKEN!**

IF YOU PUT IT **THAT WAY,** PEGGY-- LET'S GO HOME!



BUT INSIDE THE TIME-MACHINE--
WAIT-- WE CAN'T LEAVE THE ISLAND! THE KEY TO THE POWER CONTROL IS GONE! BLAKE MUST HAVE TAKEN IT-- THAT'S WHY HE WAS SO SURE WE COULDN'T LEAVE THE ISLAND! I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK ABOARD ANNE'S SHIP AND TRY TO GET IT FROM HIM!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ALONE! I'M GOING ALONG TO SEE THAT **ANNE BONNY** DOESN'T TAKE YOU AS **PLUNDER!**



THAT NIGHT--

**MAKE SAIL!
HOIST THE
MIZZEN ROYAL!**

THEY'RE GETTING READY TO LEAVE-- WE'LL HAVE TO GET ON BOARD NOW OR NEVER! YOU STAY HERE, PEGGY-- WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THAT GUARD!



CRACK!

UGH!



TELL ME WHERE BLAKE'S QUARTERS ARE ABOARD SHIP-- OR I'LL THROTTLE YOU TO DEATH!

GASP!-- FIRST CABIN -- QUARTER-DECK -- GASP!

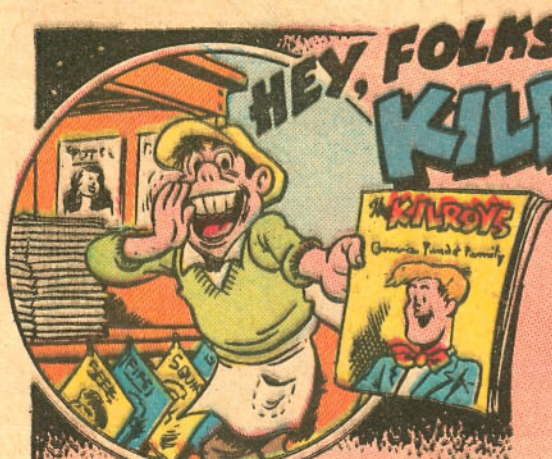


COME ON, PEGGY-- LET'S STEAL ABOARD!



THE QUARTER-DECK SHOULD BE JUST AROUND THIS COR--- OOF!

OHH-- YOU!!!



HEY, FOLKS! KILROY IS HERE!

... IN THE GAYEST, GIDDIEST,
GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE
YOU'VE EVER READ! IT'S

The KILROYS

... THAT NEW, NOVEL TEEN-AGE
FUNFEST THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH
LAFFING! IT'S The KILROYS ...
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY!

DON'T MISS
The KILROYS

... FEATURING NATCH, THE MOST
TERRIFIC TEENSTER IN TOWN!
GET YOUR COPY NOW... AND
START HOWLING! YOU'LL LIVE
WITH KILROY... LAUGH WITH
KILROY... LOVE WITH KILROY!
IT'S ALL IN ...

The KILROYS
America's Funniest Family!



an
AMERICAN COMICS
GROUP MAGAZINE



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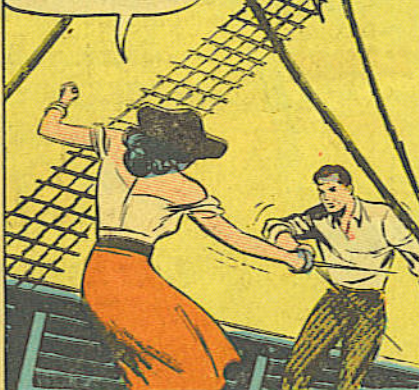
Dept. M-728, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

YE LYING VIPER!
BLAKE JUST TOLD ME
THAT MILKSOP **ISN'T**
YOUR HOSTAGE-- BUT
YOUR **BETROTHED!**
NO MAN MAKES A
FOOL OF ANNE
BONNY AND LIVES!
DRAW STEEL--
BEFORE I
DRAW YOUR
BLOOD!



YOU'RE
FORCING
ME TO DO
SOME-
THING I'VE
NEVER
DONE,
ANNE--
**FIGHT A
WOMAN!**

FOOL-- NINETY-NINE
MEN HAVE FALLEN BE-
NEATH MY BLADE--
AND WHEN MY
STEEL PIERCES
YOUR HEART--
YE SHALL BE THE
HUNDRETH!

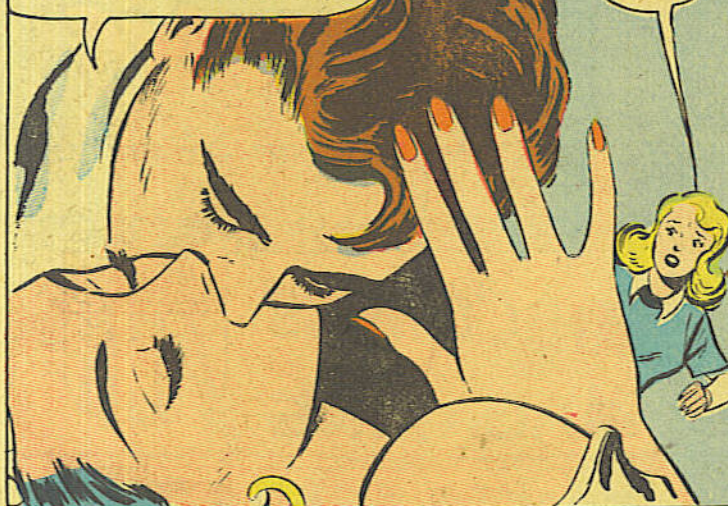


I'VE GOT TO
HAND IT TO YOU
ANNE-- YOU'RE
A MASTER OF
SWORDPLAY!



**BUT I'M NOT
PLAYING!**

MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN USING THE
WRONG ARMS-- TRY MINE!



TOM---
NO!

NO MAN HAS EVER
DEFEATED ME IN
BATTLE-- OR IN
LOVE! BUT NOW
I'VE FINALLY MET
MY MASTER--
IN BOTH!

I'M GLAD YOU
FEEL THAT WAY,
ANNE! BECAUSE
NOW WE CAN
JOIN FORCES--
AGAINST
BLAKE!



HOW TOUCHING--
BUT HOW
WRONG
YOU ARE!

ANNE, YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS
FROM ME FROM NOW ON!
AND THE FIRST THING YOU'LL
DO IS HAVE YOUR MEN
THROW THOSE TWO INTO
IRONS BELOW DECKS!



I SHOULD TAKE ORDERS--
FROM YOU? ANNE BONNY
GIVES ORDERS-- AND THE
NEXT ONE I SHALL GIVE IS TO
HAVE YE DRAWN AND QUARTERED
FOR THREATENING ME! **MEN--**
CUT HIM TO RIBBONS!

AS THE PIRATES SURGE FORWARD--



IT--IT'S USELESS
TO RESIST YOUR
WEAPONS! I'LL
DO AS YE SAY--
I'D HAVE 'EM BOTH
THROWN INTO
IRONS!

YOU **KISSED**
HER... YOU MADE
LOVE TO HER
WHEN YOU'RE
ENGAGED
TO ME!

I DID IT ONLY TO WIN HER OVER TO **OUR** SIDE, PEGGY! IF SHE'S REALLY FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ME, SHE'LL SNEAK DOWN HERE AND FREE US ANY MINUTE.' BUT SHE'S NOT TO KNOW **YOU'RE** THE ONLY GIRL I CAN EVER LOVE!

AYE-- I OFFERED
YE MY HEART, AND
ALL YE GAVE WAS
A LYING KISS ' I
DID COME DOWN
TO FREE YE-- BUT
NOW YOU CAN **ROT**
IN THIS HOLD TILL
DOOMSDAY!

AS THE DAYS MELT INTO WEEKS,
TOM AND PEGGY LANGUISH
IN CHAINS BELOW DECKS—
WHILE ABOVE, ACTION RAGES
AS THE PIRATES ATTACK
SHIP AFTER SHIP WITH
THEIR SUPER-MODERN
WEAPONS!

**SAIL-HO--A BRITISH
MAN O' WAR!**

THEN, ONE DAY--

WHY DID YOU BRING US
UP ON DECK, BLAKE--
WHAT'S THAT FIENDISH
MIND OF YOURS UP
TO **NOW**?

I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU ALL THE PLUNDER WE'VE TAKEN -- AND TO TELL YOU WE'RE HEADING BACK TO TORTOLA! **YOU'RE** GOING TO TAKE ME BACK TO THE 20TH CENTURY -- AND **I'M** TAKING ALL THESE MILLIONS ALONG WITH ME!

ANNE-- ORDER--
YOUR MEN TO
MAN THE GUNS--
QUICK!

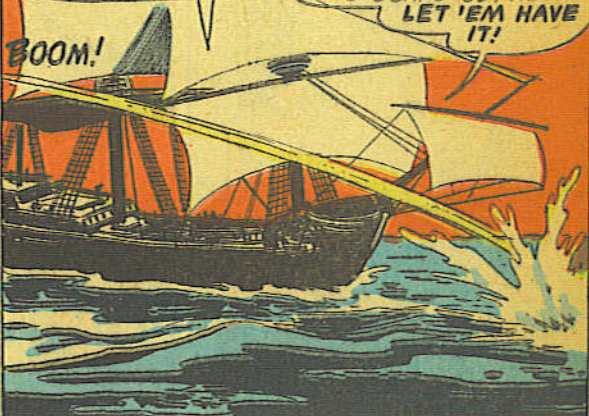
IT'S NO USE-- IT'S A SHIP O' THE LINE, AND CARRIES MORE SAIL AND HEAVIER CANNON THAN WE DO-- IT CAN OUTRACE AND OUT-SHOOT US! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM!



SEE-- THEY'RE FIRING A WARNING SHOT ACROSS OUR BOW-- AND THEY'RE STILL OUT OF RANGE OF OUR CANNON! WE'D BETTER SURRENDER!

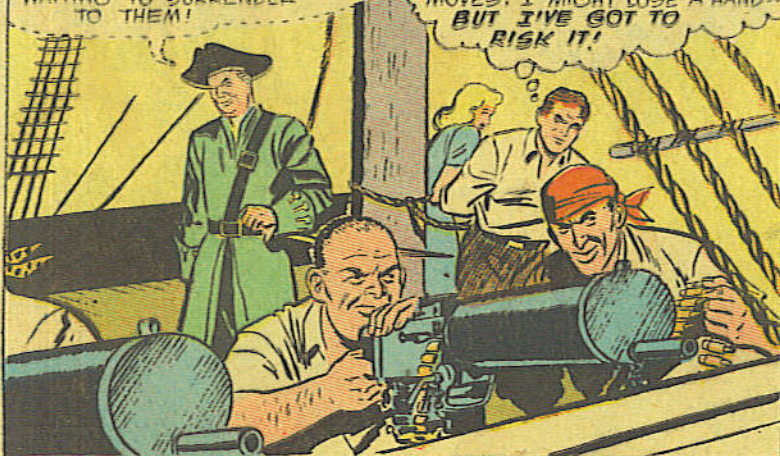
WE'LL RAISE THE WHITE SURRENDER FLAG-- BUT WE'LL STAND BY WITH MACHINE GUNS, GRENADES AND TEAR GAS BOMBS! AS SOON AS THEY TRY TO BOARD US, WE'LL LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BOOM!

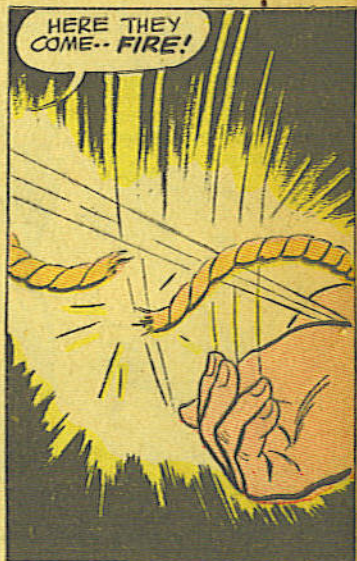


THEY'RE GETTING READY TO BOARD-- KEEP DOWN LOW AND HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD! I'LL JUST STAND HERE AS IF I'M WAITING TO SURRENDER TO THEM!

HIS SWORD IS PROTRUDING BETWEEN ME AND THE MAST-- IF I CAN SLIDE DOWN QUICKLY, IT'LL CUT MY ROPES! IF HE MOVES, I MIGHT LOSE A HAND-- BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!



HERE THEY COME-- FIRE!



AND HERE I COME!

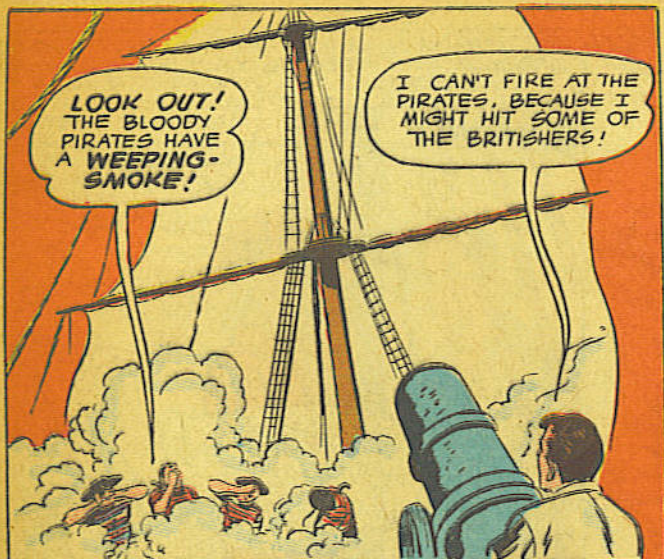
WHA-- UGHH!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



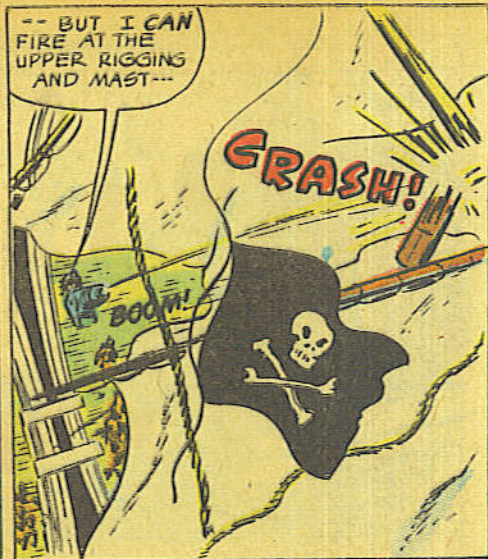
THEY'RE MOWING DOWN THOSE BRITISH SAILORS-- AND IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP THE MASSACRE!





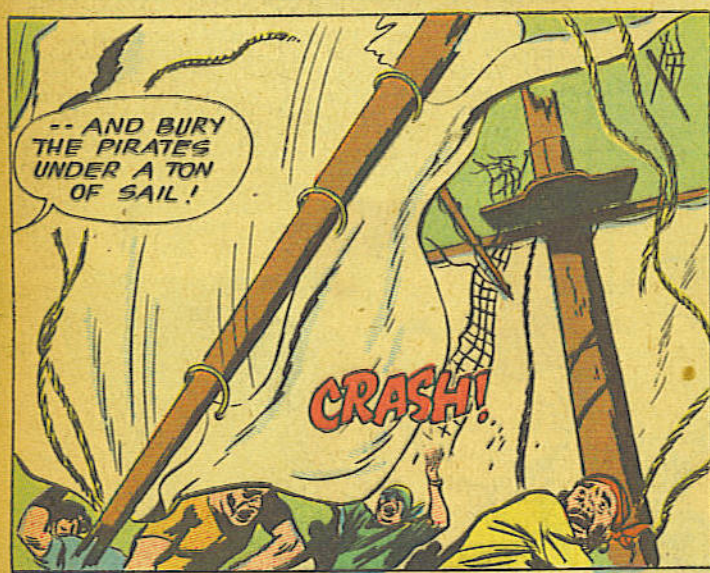
LOOK OUT!
THE BLOODY
PIRATES HAVE
A WEEPING-
SMOKE!

I CAN'T FIRE AT THE
PIRATES, BECAUSE I
MIGHT HIT SOME OF
THE BRITISHERS!



-- BUT I CAN
FIRE AT THE
UPPER RIGGING
AND MAST--

CRASH!



-- AND BURY
THE PIRATES
UNDER A TON
OF SAIL!

CRASH!



IT'S REDFIELD!
TURN THE MACHINE-
GUN AROUND AND
LET HIM HAVE IT!

HMM, SO I
MISSED UP ON
YOU TWO, EH?
WELL, I'LL CERTAIN-
LY REMEDY
THAT!



BLAM!

MINUTES LATER...
AS CAPTAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S
WARSHIP, I WANT TO THANK
YE FOR THE INVALUABLE
SERVICE YE RENDERED US
IN CAPTURING THESE PIRATES!
WITHOUT YE-- WE'D HAVE BEEN
SLAIN TO A MAN! ANYTHING
WITHIN REASON YE ASK
WILL BE YOURS!



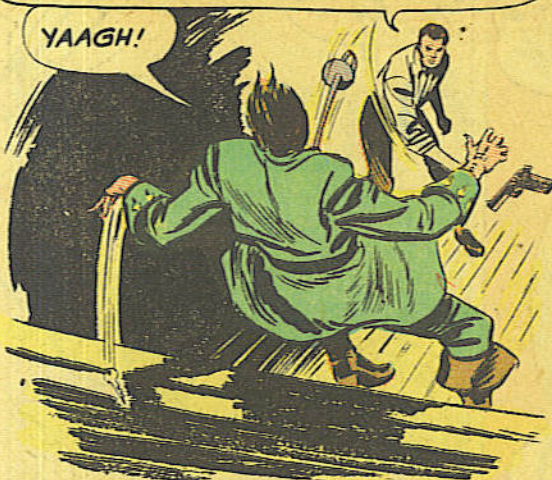
TOM--
LOOK!
THERE'S
BLAKE!
YES, AND YOU'LL DO AS
I SAY, REDFIELD--OR
I'LL DROP THE KEY TO
THE TIME-MACHINE'S
POWER CONTROL INTO
THE OCEAN-- AND YOU'LL
NEVER GET BACK TO THE
20TH CENTURY! THE CAP-
TAIN SAID HE'D DO ANY-
THING FOR YOU-- ASK
HIM TO RELEASE ME AND
TAKE THE THREE OF US
BACK TO TORTOLA--
WITH THE
TREASURE!



CAPTAIN--
YOUR
RAPIER,
PLEASE!

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU BLAKE-- I'VE HAD A BIT OF PRACTICE AT JAVELIN-THROWING, TOO!

YAAGH!



AND NOW, CAPTAIN, IF YOU'LL KINDLY TAKE US TO TORTOLA, WHERE MY OWN SHIP WILL TAKE US HOME...

WITH PLEASURE--AND YE MAY HAVE YOUR PICK OF THE PIRATE TREASURE TO TAKE HOME WITH YE-- WHEREVER THAT MAY BE!

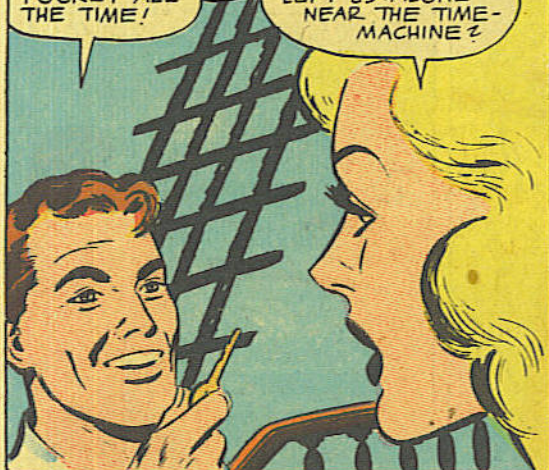
SPLASH!



BUT TOM-- HOW CAN WE GET HOME WITHOUT THE KEY TO THE TIME-MACHINE'S POWER CONTROL?

BUT WE DO HAVE THE KEY, PEGGY-- I HAD A DUPLICATE IN MY POCKET ALL THE TIME!

BUT WHY... WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT TO GO HOME WHEN BLAKE FIRST LEFT US ALONE NEAR THE TIME-MACHINE?



BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO INTERFERE WITH HISTORY, PEGGY! YOU SEE, I REMEMBER HAVING READ THAT ANNE BONNY WAS CAPTURED IN 1720 BY THE BRITISH-- WITH THE HELP OF A STRANGER WHO LATER VANISHED IN A STRANGE VESSEL! BUT IF WE'D LEFT THIS AGE WHEN WE FIRST HAD THE CHANCE, IT WOULD HAVE MADE HISTORY ALL WRONG-- SO I KNEW THAT I'D HAVE TO STAY, AND THAT WE'D COME THROUGH ALL RIGHT!



LATER, OFF THE ISLAND OF TORTOLA--

I WILL HAVE TO MAKE A FULL REPORT OF THIS-- HOW THE STRANGELY-DRESSED AMERICANS VANISHED INTO THE SKY IN THEIR STRANGE VESSEL! IT WILL ALL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!

FAREWELL... MY LOVE!



BACK IN 1957--

WELL, PEGGY, I MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO WORK-- AND TRY TO DECIDE WHICH PROJECT I SHOULD HELP WITH MY TIME-MACHINE!

I'VE GOT A STRANGE PREMONITION, TOM, THAT THE NEXT USE OF THE TIME-MACHINE WON'T BE FOR ANY TAME PURPOSE-- BUT FOR SOMETHING EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE ADVENTURE WE JUST WENT THROUGH!



AND YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW RIGHT PEGGY IS, READER-- IN THE NEXT ACTION-CRAMMED ISSUE OF OPERATION: PERIL!

The End

Blinding GOLD

ARCHAEOLOGIST GLEN HASTINGS pressed both hands against the third stone slab from the end of the ancient, ruined wall---and felt it give. Excitedly, he pressed harder---and suddenly the whole wall was swinging away, revealing a yawning chasm in the ground.

Exhausted by his labors, Glen leaned back for a moment and breathed in the cool morning air of Peru. With a start, he realized it was morning---he'd been working by firelight all night without realizing it. But now, as the rising sun shed a yellow glow over the ruins of the ancient Incan city of Cuzco in the mountainous interior of Peru, Glen knew his labors had not been in vain.

Countless fortune-hunters and archaeologists before him had sought for the Incan *huacas*---the hidden gold treasures which the Incans were supposed to have left behind them centuries ago. But all of them had failed---because they hadn't known enough about Incan history and legends. Only recently had Glen himself come across the ancient yellowish parchment which explained why gold was sacred to the Incans: they had all been sun-worshipers, and they also worshiped gold because of its yellow color---the color of the sun! That might not have meant a lot to the casual man, but to the trained archaeologist like Glen, it meant that the openings of the *huacas* all had to face *north*---for the sun traveled across the northern sky in the Southern hemisphere!

When he'd realized that simple fact, Glen had also understood why everyone had failed to find the *huacas*. All of the entrances to the ancient buildings in Cuzco faced south---as if the wily Incan builders had purposely wanted to mislead those who would seek their golden treasure. And their ruse had worked---since no one before Glen had bothered to examine the northern walls to see if there were any secret entrances.

Glen stood up now, raising his arms to the sky in exultation, getting ready

to renew his labors now that he was on the brink of success.

"That's it," a voice behind him said suddenly. "Keep reaching for the sky and turn around real slow!"

Glen stood still for a moment in astonishment, and then obeyed. The two men in front of him both had guns, and looked as if they knew how to use them.

"We've been watching you from the woods all night," one of them said, grinning. "As a matter of fact, we've been on your tail ever since you showed up in Lima and asked for permission to explore the ruins of Cuzco. We'd heard about the famous archaeologist Glen Hastings, of course, and we figured you might have a new lead on the Incan gold. As soon as the sun came up and we saw the secret passage you uncovered, we knew how right we were."

"And now," the other man said, "you're going to march ahead of us into that opening. If there's gold there, we'll kill you and take it. If there's not, we'll make you keep looking until you find some! Get going!"

Glen's mind raced swiftly while he turned to walk towards the opening. As he saw the bright yellow sunlight pouring into the secret entrance, he knew what he would have to do. Walking down the crude stone steps, with the two men behind him, Glen closed his eyes and stepped into the treasure room. As the gunmen saw the brilliant yellow glow ahead of them, they pushed Glen eagerly aside---and caught the full, blinding glare of the sunlight being reflected off the shining gold right into their eyes. Turning his back on the ingots he knew were there, Glen whirled on the two men, opening his eyes---and saw them blinking in momentary blindness.

Brief moments were all that Glen needed as he leaped into action. Still blinded, the men didn't even see his fists heading for their faces...and they fell like inert logs among the gold which would be used to pay for future archaeological expeditions.

JACKSON'S DUEL

IN 1806, POLITICAL ENEMIES OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SOUGHT TO END THE CAREER OF THE BRILLIANT YOUNG STATESMAN BY INCITING HIM INTO A DUEL WITH CHARLES DICKINSON, THE BEST PISTOL-SHOT IN TENNESSEE...

THIS, OF COURSE, WAS WHAT DICKINSON WANTED ---AND HE CHOSE **PISTOLS**! THE DUEL WAS SET FOR MAY 30TH, AT A SPOT ACROSS THE KENTUCKY BORDER ---AND ON THE WAY, THE TENNESSEAN PISTOL EXPERT AMUSED HIMSELF WITH SOME TARGET PRACTICE...

IF GENERAL JACKSON COMES ALONG THIS ROAD, SHOW HIM **THAT** ---AND TELL HIM HE'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT!



JACKSON, I'M CALLING YOU A **BLASTED LIAR**--- AND YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A **COWARD** TO MAKE ME EAT THOSE WORDS!

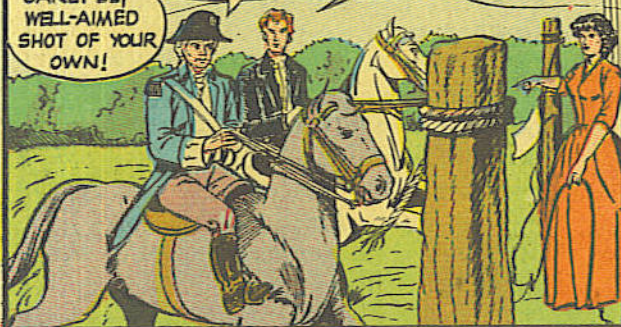
THEN THIS COWARD IS CHALLENGING YOU TO A **DUEL**, DICKINSON! MY SECONDS WILL CALL ON YOU IN THE MORNING--- AND YOU CAN CHOOSE ANY WEAPON YOU LIKE!



WHEN JACKSON AND GENERAL OVERTON, HIS SECOND, PASSED THAT WAY AND SAW THE EVIDENCE OF DICKINSON'S MARKSMANSHIP...

ANDREW, YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT **BLACKGUARD** IS A BETTER SHOT THAN YOU! YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LET **HIM** FIRE FIRST---AND THEN TRY A GAREFUL, WELL-AIMED SHOT OF YOUR OWN!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING--- BUT I ONLY HOPE I'LL BE **ALIVE** TO SHOOT BACK!



AT THE DUELLING GROUNDS, JACKSON SHOWED THE COURAGE AND METTLE THAT WERE LATER TO MAKE HIM THE HERO OF THE WAR OF 1812---FOR HE STOOD COOLLY WAITING FOR HIS ENEMY'S SHOT, KNOWING THAT HE WAS RISKING ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH!



BADLY WOUNDED, JACKSON GRITTED HIS TEETH, SLOWLY RAISED HIS PISTOL...

GREAT SCOTT-- HE'S **HIT**---WHY ...WHY DOESN'T HE **FALL**?



AARGHH!



THE SINGLE SHOT KILLED DICKINSON--- BUT JACKSON'S WOUND WAS A PAINFULLY SEVERE ONE, BOTHERING HIM FOR MANY YEARS AFTER HE BECAME PRESIDENT! AND WHEN HE DIED IN 1845, PEOPLE SAID THAT DICKINSON'S BULLET HAD FINALLY KILLED ANDY JACKSON!

THE END...

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ADDRESS _____

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(Zone)

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COLOR—Picture No. 1

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Eyes _____

Clothing _____

COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

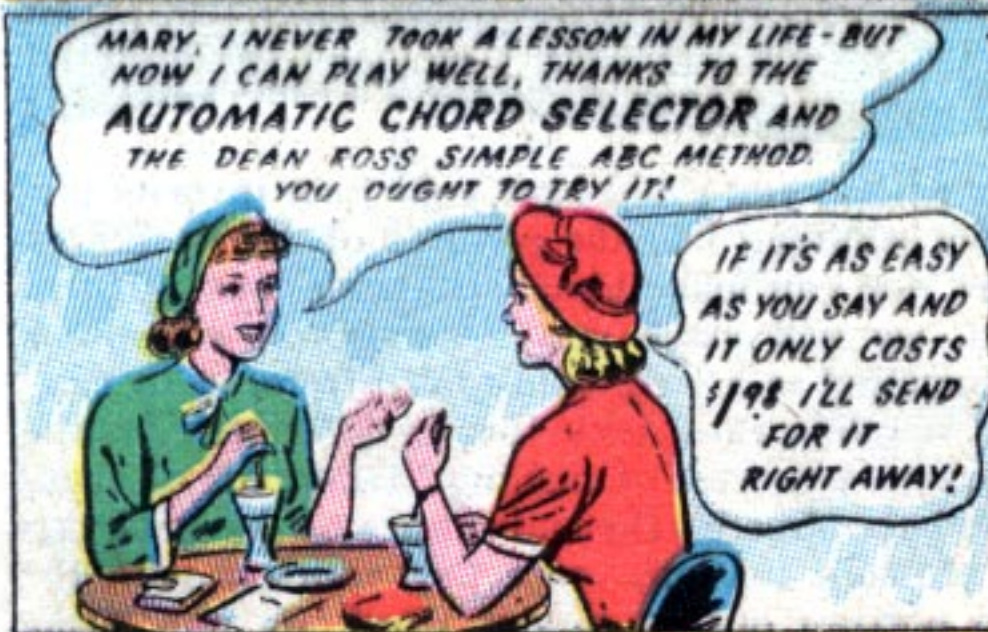
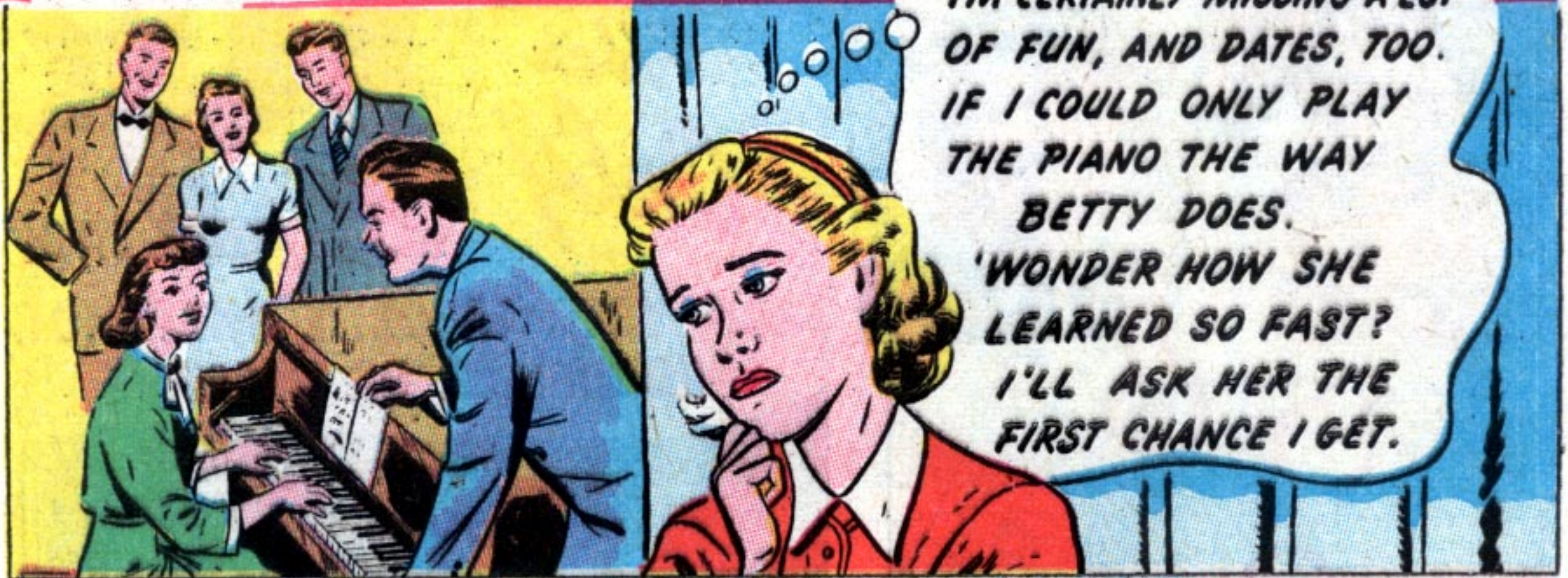
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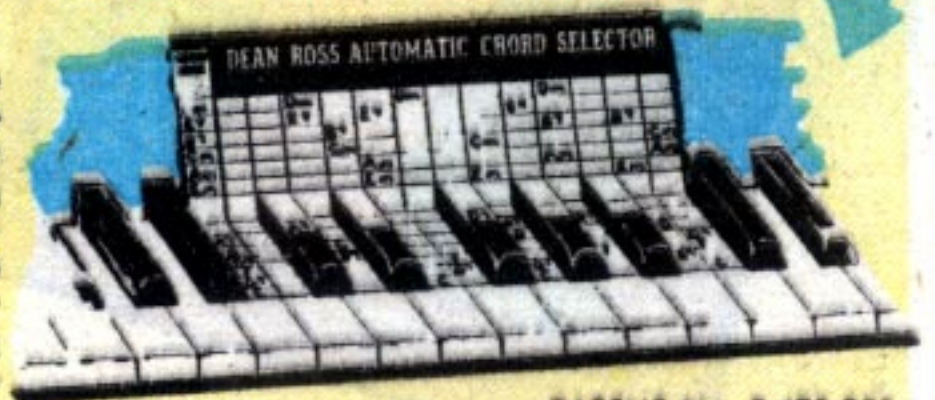
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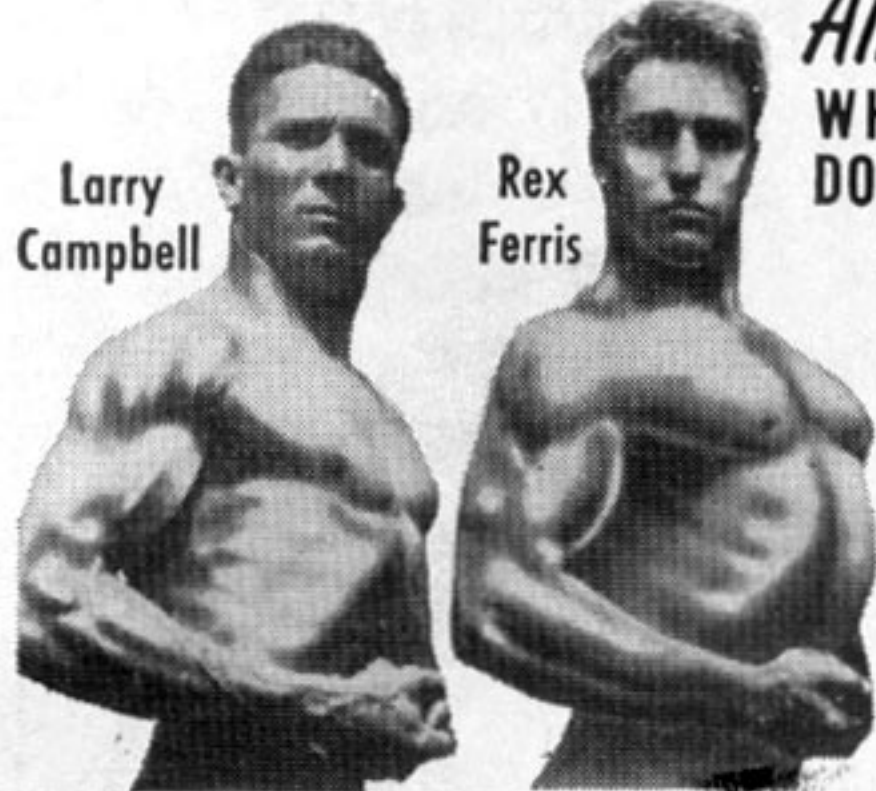
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